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A MISSIONARY AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

JOHN HUNT was the son of a Lincolnshire laborer, who was at one time so sorely beset by poverty that he barely escaped taking refuge with his family in the parish work-house. The wolf, however, was driven from the door, and, affairs taking a more favorable turn, the father obtained work, and thenceforward was able to support his domestic charge. Neither of the parents could read, but they gave their children the example of a sturdy, honest industry, which is by no means the poorest patrimony in the world. John, however, had some meagre advantages of instruction under the parish pedagogue, though his education was "finished" at ten years of age, and he applied himself to the occupation of farm-work. To this business he was ill adapted, and his clumsiness and inferiority procured him the contempt of other boys who labored with him. He was not of robust health, but he bore the taunts of the rude lads of his age as well as he could, and determined that he *would* be a farmer at any rate.

The father and mother made no profession of religion ; but their children received a strict moral training, and acquired a great reverence for religious things. John in his early life practised prayer very constantly, and used to make all his lit-

the difficulties and fears matter of supplication to the Father in heaven. Associating with other boys as he grew up, he became somewhat rude and thoughtless, but not openly vicious. When about sixteen years old, he was more deeply interested about the concerns of his soul, and became a constant attendant upon the Methodist meetings. His progress at first was a little irregular; but he was finally delivered from his doubts, and entered upon a free, happy, and healthy Christian experience. About this time he found a situation with a pious master, who gave his servants access to his library, which, though small, was respectable and useful. Previous to this, John had read little beyond the Bible. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, part of a volume of the *Methodist Magazine*, and a few tracts, formed his whole literary resources. Entering into this larger field of letters, he was delighted at the prospect. During the scanty leisure left by his farm-work, he read diligently. New thoughts filled his mind, and the beginnings of a new life were in him as he strode beside the team or followed the plough.

Being a faithful and efficient servant, his master was much interested in him. His piety growing deeper, and his wise zeal rendering him quite influential in the society, he was soon looked upon as promising much usefulness. One evening when there was to be no preacher at the chapel, his master asked John to give a short address to the congregation. Frightened at the thought, he nevertheless yielded to the added solicitations of other friends, and stood up before them. His thoughts, quickened by warm young love, found free expression, and greatly profited the hearts of the rude villagers. His friends, encouraged by the success of this first timid effort, afterwards pressed him to speak in other places. Disturbed at the proposal, he told his fears and troubles to his master, who answered, "If the Lord calls thee to the work, he'll give thee tools to work with." It was not long after this that he became convinced, though with many distressing doubts, which only gave way to earnest

prayer, of his call to the ministry. His name was put on the "Local Preacher's Plan," and the ploughboy, though not yet out of his teens, was frequent in his ministrations to the scattered congregations in his neighborhood. He had a rough, ungainly aspect, and spoke with a rustic brogue; but as he talked on, among all his blunders there was a something that won attention. His piety meantime increased; a noble vigor and earnestness were manifest, and under the diligent self-culture to which he subjected himself his intellectual powers began to assert themselves, and he became a great favorite at the country chapels in Lincolnshire.

As yet he was only a farm-boy, exercising his gift on Sundays and evenings, though never to the neglect of his daily toil. But his superiors in the Church had observed him, and began to question him respecting an exclusive devotion of himself to the work of the ministry. The proposition startled him; for, whatever might have vaguely suggested itself to his own mind, he would have thought it the height of presumption to avow such a project to others. However, he confessed that he had "an ambition to go to the Cape (Good Hope) as a servant to Laidman Hodgson," a missionary, who had formerly labored in Lincolnshire; there he thought he might do farm-work and gardening, and perhaps "a little in teaching children in the Sunday school and in preaching to the English settlers." Such were the modest early perceptions of a call to the missionary life, in one destined to be a most laborious and efficient worker in bringing "the abundance of the seas" unto God.

The solicitations of good and sensible men, joined with his own growing convictions of duty, finally decided him, and he was received on trial as a conference preacher. His inclination being still to the missionary work, it was decided by the officials of the Church that he should be sent abroad; and the missionary committee, after examination, admitted him among their beneficiaries at the Theological Institution in Hoxton. There were about twenty young men there at

the time, and among them the Lincolnshire ploughboy was kindly welcomed, though his ungainly carriage, his provincial brogue, and his blunders in reading, at first rendered him something of an oddity. But the rustic exuviae soon fell off, and the deep piety, the earnest, honest ambition, and strong good-sense of the young man, not only made him highly respected by his fellow-students, but enabled him to make rapid strides in the path of learning. So great had been his success, that, at the close of the first period granted him by the committee, they determined to continue him at the school still longer. It would be interesting to dwell upon the incidents of this young man's student life, and the history of a soul whose powers, intellectual and spiritual, were so rapidly developing, — for such a study is always pleasant and profitable. But we took our pen with another object in view, which must not be lost sight of.

All this time the young man's inclinations and anticipations were towards Africa as his field of labor. But a great cry had reached England from the far Pacific. Among the numerous Wesleyan missionaries in the Tonga and Friendly Islands, two had been adventurous enough to attempt an opening in Fiji. They soon found that what had been told of the dreadful condition of this group fell far short of the truth. The most revolting cruelties and systematic cannibalism were nearly universal. An appeal, "Pity poor Fiji," was sent to England, and issued from the mission-rooms. It awoke the deepest feeling in the Methodist societies throughout the kingdom. It was soon resolved to send out a band of missionaries. John Hunt was summoned before the committee and asked if he would go. Startled at the unexpected question, he was not instantly prepared to answer it. Hastening to the room of a fellow-student, with intense emotion he announced the proposition. His friend expressed his sympathy, and spoke of the perils and hardships of a mission to the cannibals.

"O, it's not that," said John.

"What is it, then?" asked the other, as he saw the strong frame of his friend almost convulsed by some powerful feeling.

"I'll tell you what it is; that poor girl in Lincolnshire will never go with me to Fiji. Her mother will never consent."

It was with no craven fear for himself that the young man trembled, but for her whom he had faithfully loved for six years, and who had nobly consented to share the missionary's life anywhere. He forthwith wrote her a brief letter, in which he says: "I have been fixed upon by the missionary committee to go to the South Seas. You must therefore immediately return home, and make preparations for becoming a missionary's wife to a most remote station for twenty years." He just alludes to his difficulties and his affectionate anxiety on her account, and invokes the blessing of God on the solemn affair. The days in which he awaited the reply were days of agonizing suspense. But the reply came, and with a free, cheery voice he announced to his confidants, "It's all right, — she'll go with me anywhere!"

The arrangements were soon determined on by the missionary officials; and John Hunt, with two other missionaries and their wives, were designated for this most forbidding yet needy field of Christian labor. Little more than two months was allowed for preparation for the voyage, and for taking leave of friends; and the party embarked in a vessel bound for Sidney, in Australia. Nothing of particular note occurred on their voyage. They were warmly welcomed by their brethren in the Australian mission churches, and spent some time with them. Hunt was urged to remain there. Inducements as tempting as possible were presented. There was a large field for usefulness. Every comfort should be secured to him in the colony. But at Fiji, among those disgusting savages, he would have to lead a most miserably uncomfortable life. His young wife, not very strong, would be exposed to suffering and insult; and the people yonder were by no means particular whom they clubbed and cooked.

But John had counted the cost, and no argument could turn him aside from what he regarded as a divinely appointed work.

Having stayed a few weeks at Sidney, they embarked again, in a schooner with miserable accommodations, and after the experience of many discomforts arrived at the Tonga Islands. Visiting their mission brethren there and in the Friendly group, they shortly after anchored off Lakemba, one of the Fiji Islands. Here they were met by Mr. Cargill, one of the two pioneer missionaries. Soon after their arrival, a meeting was held, and the work divided. It was the design to occupy as many different points as possible; and the missionaries did not give themselves the privilege of dwelling together. Mr. Hunt's station was Rewa on Viti Levu, a long way off on the other side of the group. It had been previously occupied by Mr. Cross, who had leave of absence on account of failing health. He however consented to remain for a while and assist his successor in the beginning of his work.

Of his arrival at his place of labor Mr. Hunt says: "This morning we came in sight of Rewa, and in the afternoon anchored safely in our desired haven. We have long and anxiously looked for it; and for apparent wretchedness it comes up to all our preconceived notions. Our anchorage was five or six miles from the mission station, our way to which was up a most beautiful river, said to be more than one hundred miles long. The island looked exceedingly lovely as we sailed along the winding stream. Nature all appeared charming till we saw the masterpiece, man; and a sight — especially the first sight — of a Fijian is very appalling. The people were much surprised to see us come, and stood nearly naked, staring and shouting with astonishment, as we passed. Mrs. Hunt, especially, was an object of wonder, as many of the natives had never seen but one white woman before."

The new missionary set himself diligently to learn the language, and otherwise to prepare for his work. Every day

he received fresh proofs of the degradation and cruelty of those among whom he had come to dwell, and every discovery made his desire more intense to be able to communicate the treasures of purity and love of which his own heart was so full. He was very soon able to address the natives in their own tongue ; in no great time after, to conduct three or four services a week. When he had been at Rewa less than six months he commenced translating the New Testament into Fijian, a work which occupied him most of his remaining life, but which was nearly finished by him and will continue a lasting memorial of his name among the Fiji Christians.

The people, from the first, entertained great respect for the missionaries, and especially for Mr. Hunt. He soon became quite a favorite with many of the chiefs. The preaching of the Gospel greatly impressed the masses, and there seemed a general expectation that it would displace the old religion. Influential persons from time to time gave in their adhesion ; but many of these were only nominal converts, who still retained some of their pagan customs. There were, however, almost from the first, sincere and genuine conversions, and a little church was soon gathered. The chiefs were slow to join the Christians, unless they could have the example of their kings or superior chiefs. One of the first of these converted chiefs by his conversion gave offence to a higher chief, who after some annoyance gathered a band of men, and one night robbed nearly every *Lotu*, or Christian family in Rewa. Mr. Hunt, though pained at the sufferings of the new converts, was gratified at the noble cheerfulness with which they bore "the spoiling of their goods."

When he had been about six months at Rewa, it was decided to open a mission in Somosomo, and Mr. Hunt was fixed upon as the man to commence it. The place had a horrible reputation, even among the Fijians, and no Christian agent had ever visited it, and no one belonging to the place had joined the *Lotu*. No white man resided there, and a Scotchman who had touched there in his passage be-

tween two neighboring islands a short time previously had been barbarously murdered for the sake of the little property he possessed. The inhabitants were the worst of cannibals; but the missionaries said, "The greater the evil, the more need of cure." It was, moreover, an important position, for the chiefs of Somosomo ruled over many islands, and the establishment of the missionaries there would give them great influence in the dependencies of the tribe. The king, too, had invited them to come, as it was hoped they would bring great store of European merchandise, whereby his people would be enriched. After a sickly voyage of nearly a week, they anchored in the harbor of the new station. The next morning they prepare to land. "Canoes, filled with half-naked savages, the most ferocious cannibals in Fiji, crowded about the schooner, to the great terror of the captain and crew, who kept strict watch, with all the boarding-nets up, over their ill-famed visitors. One canoe is brought close alongside to receive the mission party; and, as the ladies are lifted into it, men stand on deck at either side with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, to keep off the people among whom these ladies and their husbands are to live!"

Great were the trials of the missionaries in this fearful community. Scarcely had they become settled in their temporary abode, when report came of the loss at sea of one of the king's sons, and immediate preparation was made for the strangling of all his wives, that they might accompany him to the land of the spirits. The missionaries at once interceded for the wretched women. The king was angry at their intervention, and they only succeeded in deferring the cruel deed till the accuracy of the reported death could be ascertained. As it turned out to be true, the fiendish tragedy took place, the missionaries and their families being compelled to hear the cries and wailings of the doomed victims. Sickness, too, invaded the household. Mrs. Hunt came near the gates of the grave, and the poor husband had some fear-

ful forebodings; but he threw himself on the Infinite Mercy and was spared the threatening blow. A babe gladdened the home,—a strange flower blooming among moral wastes. But even this tarries but for a time. With much sorrow the parents are compelled to give it up, and bury its body among the pagan dead. In these sore trials there were aggravations from the treatment received from their heathen neighbors. They were not allowed to build a house for themselves nor to make suitable enclosures to the one granted them. Privacy was impossible; and often, while the mother bent over her dying babe, she was mocked by the jeers and grimaces of natives at the windows and doors. Sometimes they were not permitted to buy food; and sometimes, when they had with difficulty prepared a scanty meal, uninvited visitors would devour the principal part of it, or would sicken them by their hideous conduct while attempting to eat. They were often threatened by the king and chiefs, and once or twice destruction seemed inevitable. The labors of the Christians appeared to be of little effect. Ferocious wars raged between the tribes, and frequent cannibal feasts were the concomitants. The sickening stench from the ovens, which were in the neighborhood of the mission premises, was almost intolerable, and after these horrid banquets, and the orgies accompanying them, the demonism of the people seemed fiercer than ever.

All this time Mr. Hunt was working with intense zeal. Studying the language, translating the Scriptures,—and this alone implied almost incredible labor,—preaching constantly, ministering to the sick, helping the unfortunate, spending hours daily in private devotion,—ever seeking a deeper baptism of the spirit, and better qualification for his calling. In addition to these he attended to the secular affairs of the mission, visited new out-stations, had a large correspondence with friends at home, as well as with his fellow-missionaries, and found much else to occupy his time. It draws strongly on our credulity when we read his account

of his duties, written, too, in the spirit of one who seemed to think himself doing only a small part of what he desired.

But he was permitted to be only a sower of seed in Somomo. Others entered in and gathered the subsequent harvest. After about three years, according to a method pursued in the Wesleyan missions, Mr. Hunt changed his station to Viwa. It had been occupied for some time previously, and he found about a hundred and twenty persons who were under religious instruction, many of them giving evidence of genuine Christian conversion. He was able to employ eight native teachers in the out-stations, and the work went on encouragingly, notwithstanding the formidable obstacles. The training of these native teachers became a matter of additional anxiety and labor for Mr. Hunt. But we find him soon in the midst of a large class, instructing them in religious things, directing their studies, preparing a thorough course of lectures on theological topics, and at the same time relaxing none of his efforts in other directions.

But we may not follow him through all his experience in these islands. Trials similar to those already narrated, and even greater, awaited him. Great perils from the often out-breaking cruelty of the savage chiefs, which could have been averted only by providential interposition, were many times to environ him. Death came again and again to the little family; sickness prostrated both husband and wife; but still they joyfully and courageously pursued their way. Great revivals took place; whole tribes gave up their horrid pagan rites, and large numbers became real disciples of the Lord.

The career of this devoted servant of Christ was a short one. In about ten years from the time of his first arrival in the islands disease invaded his overworked system, and death soon looked him in the face. But John Hunt, whose brave, manly heart, warmed by the love of Christ, had never quailed before any danger in the way of duty to his Master, shrunk not before the last foe. A sense of his own unworthiness at first filled him with sad reflections. The thought

of giving up his work among the benighted savages occasioned a conflict. Once, after prayer by a brother missionary, he was observed to be greatly moved, and wept freely. His pent-up feelings at last found utterance, and he cried, "Lord, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest how my soul has loved Fiji! my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!" This conflict too terminated triumphantly for the suffering soul, and thenceforward he had great joy. He died October 4, 1848, aged thirty-six years.

He was much esteemed even by the hostile chiefs, while the love of the native converts for him was almost unbounded. Said one of these latter, in a prayer for him, "O Lord! we know we are very bad; but spare thy servant. If *one* must die, take *me*! Take *ten* of us; but spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

"The workmen die, but the work goes on." From the feeble and almost hopeless beginnings made a little previous to the appointment of John Hunt and his associates to the Fiji mission, the work of God has spread through those habitations of cruelty, till now there are nearly sixty thousand attendants on the religious services of the Wesleyan missionaries. There are some two hundred native preachers; the New Testament was translated into their language by Mr. Hunt himself, and the whole Bible has since been completed; there are churches and schools, the press, industrial arts, commerce, and many other elements of a rapidly developing civilization; while cannibalism and other barbarous customs have become nearly obsolete.

G. M. S.

"BELIEVEST thou? then thou wilt speak boldly. Speakest thou boldly? then thou must suffer. Sufferest thou? then thou shalt be comforted. For faith, the confession thereof, and the cross, do follow one after another."

THE GOSPEL A WORD TO THE STRONG.

THE Gospel is a guide and comforter of the weak, but it is also a word for the strong. It is a manly religion. It is more than milk for babes. It comes to us in the noontide of life, and whilst we are in the maturity of our powers, — when we are bearing the burden and heat of the day, as well as in those last moments, when, leaning upon the staff of age, our eyes are turned towards the western sky, and our speech is of other and fairer worlds. It does not hide itself away in deserts, or betake itself to closets, or confine its appeals to those who are called upon to endure rather than to labor; it is not deprecatory and apologetic, but confident, vigorous, and aggressive; it does not dream and sentimentalize under every green tree and in every quiet rural spot, — it has rather chosen, from the beginning, for its fields of effort, the great cities, where the evil and the good of life are arrayed one against the other in most unqualified and clearly recognized antagonisms, and many doors are open, and there are many adversaries. If we have any strength, and would exercise or increase it, any wealth of thought or affection, and any force of will, which demands objects and instrumentalities, the Gospel points us to its kingdom; the Christ saith to us, If thou wilt be perfect, come, follow me! The Apostle Paul bids us be as manly in understanding as we are childlike in malice; and John, the burden of whose preaching was love, writes “because you are strong”! The Gospel, which strengthens what is weak, thankfully accepts and consecrates energy; it will not consent to be patronized as an amiable weakness, — as a toy for childhood or for age, — as the entertainment of the contemplative or the sanctuary of the fearful. It is the nurse of heroes. It has tasks for giants. It can bind to its high service all the elements of our wondrous being. It has had its own art and literature, — to a large extent its own social order. It has won and kept the loyalty

of millions of souls. Its singular purity and grandeur have made the world strangely patient of manifold enormities that have been maintained in its holy name. Its story, as written by the earliest disciples, is as thoroughly as it is simply heroic; and from the first day onward, though under ever-changing names, the army of martyrs extends unbroken, and will reach out into the future, until the offence of the cross shall have ceased.

It is a very common impression that Christianity is a feeble thing and suited mainly to the feeble, — a matter for the strong-minded and strong-hearted and strong-handed to be ashamed of, — a subject about which we may converse when we are confined to our rooms, and have lost through sickness the tone whether of mind or of body, but which we must drop when we are on the street and in the warehouse again, — a topic to be dismissed with a few brief formalities, wearisome to speak and to hear, — a possession which, in the judgment of many, seems almost to suppose a corresponding poverty in every other respect, a tame intellect, a feeble imagination, a limited culture, an unenterprising spirit, even a nerveless, bloodless, unmuscular body. Many are disinclined or unable to associate manliness and piety, greatness and goodness, wisdom and faith, cleverness and conscientiousness, the genial and the devout soul. There are not a few persons who express surprise when they find a nature of pith and vigor, rich in all noble and gracious humanities, the strong tower and the beautiful pillar of earth radiant with the light of heaven, and as abundantly endowed in things divine as in things human.

A little study of this very common impression discloses the weak things, not of the Gospel, but of the popular apprehension and employment of the Gospel. Too often it is seen of men, not in its power but in its feebleness, presented to the world in feeble thinking, feeling, speaking, acting, — the things of the child, without any of the spontaneity and grace of childhood. And although it is a sin to be ashamed of

Christ, it is no sin to be ashamed of much which passes current for Christianity. A vast deal of popular religious literature is fitted to confirm this impression. Poor in ideas as they are commonplace in expression, a large proportion of what are called good books would not secure a moment's attention if it were not deemed somehow an acceptable sacrifice to read them: they display neither learning nor spiritual experience; they are dull to a proverb, scriptures which are *not* by inspiration of God, heavy when they are not trifling, joyfully given away, cheerfully bound after the most approved styles of elegance, provided only the clasp which shall hold the covers firmly and forever together be not omitted. It is hard, and it may seem ungracious, to say it, but very often one cannot look for any vigorous and manly treatment of his theme from the popular theologian. He is too often only an advocate, and not very ingenious at that. The old straw is sedulously thrashed out again for the thousandth time, in the hope that some stray grain or two may have escaped the persistent flail. It has been said of Butler's *Hudibras*, that, although it is so full of wit, the allusions soon became so obscure that no one ever suffered his dinner to spoil from an unwillingness to break away from its pages. The same might be said of a vast deal of religious literature. And the feebleness of religion is painfully exhibited in the abundance of cant, — the superfluity of words, which, if they are not consciously meaningless and insincere, come up from no deep places in the soul, are manifestly formal and conventional, and in no practical relation to the world we live in. The young man hears that such a one has become interested in religion. He asks himself, How will this interest be displayed? and if the fruits are seen chiefly in a new way of talking upon stated occasions, in the adoption of a set of phrases, in greater ceremonial punctiliousness, the new life will not be accounted a great and beneficent power. Plainly there has been no upheaval of the whole being from its depths, no reconstruction of the whole plan of life according

to heavenly patterns. You would expect no marked changes in a world full of such converts,—a world where such persons ought to make themselves felt, and do perhaps make themselves felt, in every-day matters. The strong and beautiful thing in them, if there is anything strong and beautiful, is not their religion. It cannot be denied, that in quiet and prosperous days there is a vast deal of this religious feebleness, and of this feeble religiousness. It gives religion a bad name with vigorous natures. So presented, it is not so real or so attractive as a stout and unscrupulous worldliness. If religion is not more than this, we would none of it: it is better, we think, to serve Mammon heartily than, by trying to serve God and Mammon, to get no reward from either, and spoil our earthly life by a half-conscious hypocrisy and a dreary sanctimoniousness. The world cannot but contrast the genuine enthusiasm of the scientific, the inexhaustible energy of the inventor, the patient research of the student and writer of history, the enterprise of the merchant, with the dull routine of many a religionist. And the world needs to be told—or, better, to see,—the lesson illustrated in life,—that all this sad feebleness indicates not the presence, but the absence, of a vital Christianity. The fact is, that the Gospel, which was given to be an ever-renewed life amongst men, may be, and is very commonly, received as a tradition; it is not reproduced again in the new minds and hearts and deeds of the new generation; it is caught up and repeated parrot-wise by those who neither understand nor feel what they are saying,—as it comes from their lips it is not spirit and life, it has neither authority nor beauty, it becomes the jest of the scorner and the song of the reckless. And it is very necessary that all who have the Gospel at heart, and would bring the young to a recognition of its power, should hold it in a manly way, according to its intrinsic life and its high purpose, and commend it to the strong as at once the food which may nourish and the work which may satisfy them. Let me try to show in a few particulars why it is offered to men of

strength, — why they as well as those who are ready to perish should exercise themselves in it, and stand forth as its confessed adherents.

1. Christianity is given to the strong because it is truth, and truth is for vigorous and intelligent minds. It will employ and reward manly thinking. Christianity is the truth about our life to all who will receive it. If you can think about other things, you may well think about this. If you are not given to much thought, or drawn into much curious speculation, — if the world offers to your mind no perplexing problems, — you will find in the Gospel the few simple lessons which are necessary for action and for peace, and these will suffice. But if you are tempted to scale the heights and explore the depths, — if you are tried by the conflicts of opinion, — if the world turns towards you the face of the Sphinx, and you must solve its enigma or perish, — if sin and sorrow make large demands upon your trust and patience, — if you cannot in a day or in a year find the truth which you so crave, — the Gospel will abundantly exercise and perfectly guide and hallow your intellectual strength. It offers you nothing but truth ; it asks you to believe nothing but truth ; it is not content that you should rest until your thoughts are completely in accordance with Him who is truth. If you are strong, use your strength in learning the truth as it is in Jesus. It is no easy task ; if you have any intellectual vigor, you will need it all. It is not merely listening ; it is not to be merely passive. If you are strong, let us have proof of your strength in your earnest and truly catholic faith, — in your intelligent reception of Christianity. The world is full of those who weakly believe, and of those who weakly doubt or deny, — on the one hand, of the superstitious, who make an idol of the letter of the Bible, and are afraid to so much as correct the translation of a single line lest they should weaken its authority, of the formal, the sectarian, and the dogmatical, who will not enlarge their conceptions lest they should lose them ; and, on the

other hand, of those who, because there are difficulties in the reception and the reading of the Scriptures, and bitter controversies amongst Christians, turn their backs on the Gospel altogether. They are said to be strong in faith who, in a most cowardly temper, close their ears against all opinions save their own ; and they are thought by some to be men of vigorous intellect who reject Christianity as an antiquated and incredible superstition. But are not they only really strong who can see in Jesus the truth,— the truth which practically resolves all problems and harmonizes all contradictions? Are not they only really strong who can read the Scriptures reverently and believingly, yet in the light of modern science, and with due regard to all fair criticism? Are not they only really strong, who, without becoming indifferent or lax, can rise above the level and the speech of any sect into the broad plane and the eloquent language of the Church truly catholic? A very weak man may be a dogmatist, or a bigot, — a very weak man may be an infidel, — but truth shall reward the strong. It is greatly to be desired that our young persons would engage reverently, and yet with courage and energy, in the search after the truth, resolved to follow whithersoever it should lead them. The subject which occupied Bacon and Milton need not be deemed beneath the study even of this illumined age. Let us try to understand and cure what we call bigotry ; let us make an earnest effort for a hearty Christian union ; let each one, emancipating his mind and heart from party limitations, endeavor to reproduce the Gospel for himself! It is a glorious work. Many strong men have been laboring in it these many years, but especially these last years, trying to find a Christianity large enough to hold all Christians, — trying to find the truth which shall make all forms of truth comparatively insignificant. Arnold, Kingsley, Stanley, Jowett, Maurice, and the lamented Frederic W. Robertson, in England ; and, in our own country, Channing, Bushnell, Park, have labored, or are laboring, to establish the truth, on the

one hand against Romanism, and on the other hand against Rationalism,—and every private Christian who is moved to exercise his mind upon the subject of religion may work with them, and he will find that he is engaged in trains of thought infinitely removed from the dry technicalities and rattling bones of scholastic and sectarian divinity. Read the old divines of the English Church, Taylor, South, Barrow, and the rest; read, amongst the moderns, Robertson's sermons; read Kingsley's books;—and you will no longer say, as so many are ready to do, that religion supplies no food for the intellect. That is true of many religious books,—it is not true of the Gospels and Epistles; it is not true of those who have written upon them out of fresh and living minds. It is, indeed, emphatically true that the wisdom of the intellect will not save us, or fuse into beautiful unity the numberless and distracted sects of modern Christendom. That is a work which is reserved for the loving spirit of the Christ; and yet, as instrumental to this great end, there must be strong religious thinking, a resolute purpose on the part of all Christians to penetrate beneath the technics of sectarian theology, to brace the spirit for direct communion with the Master, to labor with ready hands in the reconstruction of the Church, the Home for all souls, upon that foundation which God himself hath laid in the life of his Son.

Our age boasts of its schools of popular education and literary culture and scientific attainment; but as yet religion has gained comparatively little from all this real or apparent intellectual progress: the strong thoughts of men have not been turned enough this way; they have too often only learned enough to be flippantly critical, and to jump at sceptical conclusions; they have yet to learn that it is a large part of wisdom to recognize the inevitable limitations of religious speculation, and to distinguish the realm of faith from the realm of knowledge. The great conflict in our day is not between one and another of the different sections of the Christian world: it is a contest between those who believe in the Gos-

pel, and those who do not believe in it. The questioning of our times reaches down to the very roots of things; it does not stop short of the rock foundations upon which human society is builded; it relates to the essential being and everlasting destiny of the human soul. Shallowness will not suffice for such a crisis; it is but poor conceit to turn away from religious discussions as trifling, to glory rather in letters, science, and the arts; here is work for the strong; because you are strong, give yourselves to a fresh study of the words of Moses, Isaiah, Paul, and John, and above all of the Christ; in making up your libraries, place upon your shelves the works of the dead and of the living who have sought for the wisdom of God, and of your own selves judge ye what is true.

2. And now let us turn for a moment from the mind to the heart and the conscience. Strong thinking is often contrasted with strong feeling, as if the two were incompatible. But a large and vigorous nature will not be so limited. That is the noblest thinking which kindles emotion; and no richly endowed soul can fail to recognize the real tragedy of human life, as it is brought home to us in the fact of sin, in the terrible conflict of passion with duty, in the selfishness that turns its back upon God, in the vain effort to harmonize the ideal with the actual, to satisfy aspiration, to change the earthly into the heavenly, to be at peace with the Judge above us and within us. If you are really strong, rich in divine humanities, something more than shallow and respectable worldlings, bent upon your routines of business or of enjoyment, — if you have any sense of what men ought to be in the sight of Heaven, — you will not be able to escape that mighty sorrow, and that fear, not of pain but of sin, not of bodily torture but of spiritual death, which are constant Christian experiences, — experiences to which many a giant intellect has borne its testimony, and which the Gospel alone adequately provides for. Not because they were weak and childish and superstitious, but because they were strong,

because they could discern the heavens above and the abysses beneath them, such men as St. Augustine, Martin Luther, George Fox, Bunyan, Baxter, Oliver Cromwell in his best days, Wesley, Samuel Johnson, Edwards, mourned over sin and abhorred themselves in the bitterness of their remorse, and asked eagerly for a way of reconciliation. Read the story of one whose name stands amongst the highest in English literature, the life of the sturdy scholar, Dr. Samuel Johnson. The faults of the great moralist are well known, — his uncouth and overbearing manners are familiar almost to a proverb; but no sort of justice has been done to his many and great virtues. Much of his roughness was superficial, and the measure of it has been greatly exaggerated; but the half has not been told of his incorruptible honesty amidst the sorest straits, of his sturdy independence, or of the benevolence which was liberal out of the extremest poverty and to great personal discomfort. It is related of him, that in the days when his store was reckoned not in pounds and shillings, but in pence, he was accustomed, as he returned to his lodgings at night, to put pennies into the hands of the poor little boys who, for want of a better shelter, were sleeping on the edges of the booths, that when they waked in the morning they might have the means of buying a morsel for breakfast. Judged by the standard of his time, and with due regard to his opportunities, he was certainly a man of average morality; and yet no fact is more noticeable in his biography than the remorse and anxiety of his soul, the intensity of his sense of sinfulness, the earnestness with which for himself and for his friends he magnified the forgiveness that is granted by God through his dying Son. His own feeling of want was deep according to the strength of his nature, — not a shallow passing emotion, but a manly grief, to be met only by a love as high and deep, as mysterious and unfathomable, as the justice which commands and convicts us, — a love which is not of works, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, of the worst, —

a love which can remit the debt because we have nothing wherewith to pay it, — a love which will not listen for a moment to the perpetual elder brother, but silences his angry complainings with this conclusive word: "It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, my son, was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found." He may not be able to forgive himself, but I can forgive him. Reproaches and blows enough shall fall upon him, for what a man soweth that shall he also reap; but from me and mine there shall be only words of mercy and acts of love, — on earth, Son, thy sins are forgiven thee! and in the hearts of the angels of God, joy unutterable. If you are really strong, you will have a manly sorrow for all ingratitude and meanness in the sight of God, for every pitiful performance, and especially for that sin of sins which postpones God and God's kingdom to a fearful selfishness, and saith, Not Thy will, — though thou art the Infinite Perfection, the First Good and the First Fair, and my Heavenly Father, — not Thy will, but mine, be done! Because ye are strong, prize and accept the specialty of the Gospel, and with a multitude of the greatest of the earth fall on your knees before God, and let the fountains of tears be opened, — yes, go out with the King of men, the guide of heroes and of sages, and battle in the wilderness your forty days with the tempter that unto you also angels may come and minister.

3. And because ye are strong, let us have proof of strength in a life of Christian completeness. Strong thinking and strong feeling should issue in strong acting. The Gospel often declines into a fine theory and a strong emotion, the inspiration of the preacher and the psalmist; it spends itself in mystic contemplation, and pours out its heart in most touching litanies, and longs and prays that the kingdom of God may come; or perhaps it moves men to a little asceticism, a larger measure of that conventional morality which emphasizes abstinence from questionable amusement, straining out gnats and swallowing camels, keeping symbolical fasts and

bestowing a modicum of alms. They who are strong in faith are not so easily contented. First amongst the enterprises of this enterprising age, they recognize this of living a life which shall each day be more and more Christian. When they speak of success they mean this, — they mean to live in such simplicity and integrity that they will not fear to look any man full in the face, and be just before men, even though in the sight of Infinite Purity they cannot be justified. It is easy to say all this, — easy for one whose position secures him against the temptation and soil of life to exhort others to an obedience which, in the present state of our world, amidst all the complications and combinations of our artificial social state, is next to impossible, — easy to ask men and women to be heroes and martyrs, to be simple and abstinent in an age of luxury and amidst extravagant associates, to be scrupulous amongst the unscrupulous, to serve God where the most are serving Mammon, to be called fanatical, to be set aside as unpractical, — easy to ask, but hard to comply ! I admit it. I am not sure that the application of Christianity to life by those who are involved in its various relations is not as hard and perilous a task for the Christian of this age, as the establishment of Christianity was for the Christian of the first age. It is not easy even to count the cost in such an enterprise. And yet they who are strong, they who would do some great thing, they who would be perfect, will not shrink even from so great an undertaking. They will seek the kingdom as well as pray for it. True manhood is braced by opposition and difficulty ; true manhood is willing to go alone ; true manhood lays its life-plan deliberately and with prayer, and, whether men bless or curse, proceeds to execute it. I will not understate the difficulties in the way of a practical Christianity, — a Christianity for the home, the exchange, the warehouse, the office, — a Christianity for the week-day, when the stir of life shall begin anew, as well as for Sunday. It might not be so very hard to turn one's back upon the world ; but to stay just where

Providence seems to have placed us, and do our duty and realize our ideals, this cannot be without tears and blood,—tears, too, which must be shed in secret, and blood that will not win for us the fame of the martyr. It is not easy, yet only let the soul be raised to this pitch, only let the spirit of Christ get possession of the heart, and it is easier to live in loyalty than to content one's self with revolving great theories of virtue in the mind whilst we are ourselves conformed to the world. "*Because ye are strong.*" How we admire and prize strength,—the force of intellect, of eloquent action and speech,—the force which carries men into Arctic seas, which makes them great discoverers and artists, which unlocks the world of nature and reveals to the eye of science the thoughts of the Creator, the force which conquers and civilizes,—it is a reality, and we recognize and admire it; but we more than admire, we canonize and encompass with a halo of glory, the force of the spirit, the strength of faith; and yet the praises of the world, the crown which, however tardily, is sure to follow after the cross, cannot be compared with the oil of joy which the Lord pours upon the heart that has dared to love him supremely. That we may be even so strong as this, Jesus hath come to be the Lord of glory, that through him we may be able to do all things. To this end he binds men into a loving and helpful brotherhood, a great Christian family, rich and poor, wise and simple, the lofty and the lowly meeting before the Lord, to aid each other in the spirit common to them all in living a life of truth and beauty, in reconciling the strifes and dispelling the jealousies which alienate man from man. Christian union has been appointed that we may have Christian strength, that those who cherish the same faith and purpose may understand each other and secure it together, and that now, as of old, the kingdom of heaven may be a reality on earth, and become more and more real every day. Let us try to keep the commandments, also, because we are strong in the Lord.

E.

SONG OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

WE see the gallant streamer yet
Float from the bastioned walls,—
One hearty song for fatherland,
Before its banner falls!
Last on our gaze when outward bound
We plough the ocean's foam,—
First on our longing eyes again
To waft our welcome home!

Beneath thy shade we've toiled in peace,
The golden corn we reap;
We've taken home our bonny brides,
We've rocked our babes to sleep;
We marched to front the battle-storms
That brought the invaders nigh,
When the grim lion cowered and sank
Beneath the eagle's eye.

Beneath the stars and stripes we'll keep,
Come years of weal or woe:
Close up, close up the broken line,
And let the traitors go!
Ho, brothers of the "Border States"!
We reach across the line,
And pledge our faith and honor now,
As once in Auld Lang Syne.

We'll keep the memories bright and green
Of all our old renown,
We'll strike the traitor hand that's raised
To pluck the eagle down;
Still shall it guard your Southern homes
From all the foes that come,—
We'll move with you to harp and flute,
Or march to fife and drum!

Or if ye turn from us in scorn,
Still shall our nation's sign
Roll out again its streaming stars
On all the border line,
And with the same old rallying-cry
Beneath its folds we 'll meet,
And they shall be our conquering sign,
Or be our winding-sheet !

'T is said that when Jerusalem
Sank in her last despair,
A spectre sword hung gory red
Just o'er her in the air :
Ye that tear down your country's flag,
Look when God's gathering ire
Hangs in its place, just o'er your heads,
A sword of bloody fire !

S.

FIDELITY.

IN one of the narratives of awful disaster which occurred on one of our lakes, when the steamer was on fire and they were making haste for the nearest land, everything depended on the man who stood at the wheel. And yet the fire came nearer, and gathered about him, and its tongues were licking his garments. He might save his life, perhaps, by letting go and taking his chance in a scramble with the rest. But he said, "No, I will not let go till the fire burns off my hold. Here is my post, and here, if God wills it, to save these passengers, will I stay." And he did stay. God give us more such men, faithful at their posts, and society would be safe. Put them at responsible places of the ship of state, and she will sail on gloriously, and escape fatal disaster.

S.

SALVATION BY FAITH.*

A SERMON BY REV. T. COLANI.

Luke vii. 36-50.

AFTER the reading of a text like ours, the Christian preacher feels more than ever conscious of his insufficiency. What can be said to you which approaches, even at a great distance, the words which you have just heard? The Apostle who has most deeply sounded the mystery of Christianity nowhere expounds the dogma of justification by faith with the clearness, the energy, the heart which we find in this simple recital. With St. Paul the human reason struggles with the divine thought in order to seize and express it; with the Master all is peace and harmony, for he lives in his Father, and the words which he speaks he speaks not of himself. The four Gospels are an infinite, unfathomable ocean, which reflects the azure of the heavens in calm, clear waves. The same waters flow through the Epistles, but contracted, limited, having obstacles to break their course. With the Apostle, reasonings and discussions are necessary to make his readers, already Christian, understand the nature and the effects of faith, whilst with the Lord but one word is enough to explain it to a poor sinner. All that I can do is to repeat that word, to seek to engrave it in your hearts, to study it with you, not as a problem of theology, but in its most evident bearing; it is to follow with you the various acts of that history which, I boldly assert, contains the whole Gospel, as a sweet flower encloses in its calyx the seed from which will spring the whole majestic tree.

In a city of Galilee, a sinful woman one day enters the house of Simon the Pharisee, seats herself at the feet of a guest, and bathes them with her tears. Who is she, and for

* A friend has kindly translated for our Magazine a Sermon by a famous preacher of Strasbourg, which, we are confident, will be read with pleasure and profit.

what does she come? She is a child of God, who, plunged in evil, cannot escape from it, notwithstanding all her efforts. For evil is a power. There was a moment when you were free to choose between virtue and vice, between purity and corruption, between the spirit and the senses. You were equally solicited on one side and on the other. If the satisfying of the senses or of pride has a mysterious attraction, the joy that self-denial and humility procure exercises a charm no less certain. But you have chosen, and woe to you if, like the sinful woman, you have chosen the evil part. You are no longer free. You have sold yourself. At the next temptation conscience will speak in a lower tone, and you will not hear it. Since you have soiled your lips at the cup of this world's pleasures, an inextinguishable thirst devours you. You will do evil because you have done so once. Each one of your falls renders the next more probable, I should say more inevitable, and you will thus descend step by step, even to the depths of the abyss. Sin will become your habit, your nature. You will end by doing evil spontaneously, without deliberating, without reflecting, without even knowing it. Your mind, being perverted, will no longer conceive it possible to struggle against bad inclinations, and it will represent them to you as really innocent. Your imagination will have no colors to paint to you any other than material joys, or those of vanity and of avarice. Your body will fashion itself according to your desires, and will imperiously demand satisfaction.

Ask those wretched creatures in whom one hardly recognizes the stamp of humanity, so much has debauchery besotted them. Do you believe that they have never tried to escape from its tyranny? But their body no longer endures temperance; having become slaves, it is necessary, absolutely necessary, that they should obey, should it cost them their life. Ask also the slave of ambition, who, after having sacrificed his convictions, his honor, his affections, has reached the end of his desires. Do you think he is not weary of

always intriguing, of always lying? But he will intrigue, he will lie, even to the hour of his death. Finally, address yourself to that unfortunate sinner. Do you imagine that she has never cursed her first step in the career of vice? But her whole being is become vicious.

No, not entirely! Whatever may be the power of sin, it cannot utterly efface the divine impression that each man bears upon his entrance into the world. Conscience persists, revealing itself by a continual uneasiness, and, whether we will or no, makes us lift up our eyes unto the heavens. Be sure that it was the case with the woman of whom the Gospel speaks; it is the case with all sinners. But what would meet her gaze into the heavens? God; that is to say, the Holy of holies, with whom no impurity can dwell. How should she invoke him? What should she offer to him with her impure hands? The most terrible name which can sound in her ear is that of the Heavenly Father, for that name signifies judgment and condemnation. If you speak to her of the commandments, she thinks of her transgressions; if you exhort her to holiness, she pictures to herself condemnation; if you speak of heaven, she understands hell. Unfortunate one! Sin holds her so tightly in its grasp, that she cannot fly from it; and even when she thinks of it, desires it, virtue drives her back. For is it not driving her back to wear that terrible aspect? Say, could you decide upon the good, if it were not lovely in your eyes? Could you obey God, if he should appear to you with a threat in his mouth,—not for sins to come, which you would be free to shun, but for sins already committed and inefaceable? Thus the feeble light which still glimmers in her conscience will serve only to make her see the better the chains of sin. The more she struggles, the more closely do they hold her. In short, in order that virtue may be possible for us, it is first necessary that we should love it, and we love it only if we are virtuous; then he who is not virtuous would not know how to become so, at least by himself. You experience this

every day, my brethren. When you have performed, at one time or another, an act of devotion, is it not true that you were well-disposed? You have been capable of a good action because you were at peace, and were happy. Goodness, inward serenity, calm of the conscience, alone render virtue easy. At least, is it not true that in moments of trouble and discontent, such as you pass through after each sin, however small, you were more accessible to a new temptation? When you have recognized yourself to be bad, you will become worse.

The sinful woman had certainly a horror of herself; that horror, nevertheless, could not bring her back into the right path. Poor woman! who shall tell the sufferings she must have experienced, feeling herself condemned to do evil eternally! She may perhaps have had a light, careless nature, which permitted her to slumber; but be sure that at times she was nevertheless thoroughly aroused, and that then her guilty joys were transforming themselves into tortures. What can man conceive more frightful than despair under the mask of pleasure? Will she nowhere find consolation? What consolation would guilty men offer her? And she sees no others. Shall she seek peace in joining in public worship? She would find there the God whom she has outraged. Ought she not throw herself at the feet of some wise Pharisee, and, confessing her sins, demand of him protection against herself? If among the scribes many are truly austere, there is not one compassionate. The law of Moses in their hands, they will condemn her without pity. Irreparable! Such is the answer which she would everywhere receive. And the world, giving thus the echo to her conscience, throws her back again into vice.

Suddenly she finds herself in the presence of Jesus. Before the scene related in the Gospel, had she been present at one of those teachings of the Lord, when his wise and loving words were captivating the attention of an immense crowd? Or, indeed, has she seen him for the first time as he passed

through the little town, and entered the house of Simon the Pharisee? Our text tells nothing of this, but it shows clearly that Jesus did not know her. It will be enough for her to see him, to be drawn towards him. She is ignorant. All Jewish women were then, and she is more so than others. And do not suppose her familiar with the prophecies, so that she could apply them to Jesus by a wise interpretation. Perhaps she does not even know that a Messiah is to come to deliver Israel. But she does know that she has need of a Saviour, and from the moment she meets Jesus, something tells her that he is that Saviour. In the first place, this man is holy, — not like the Pharisees, who strut about in their austerity, advertise their prayers and their fasts, think that they have made proof of virtue, when they have insulted vice, and who are inwardly devoured with covetousness. He is really holy, pure, like God himself. Does the sinner believe this? She will give you a proof of it without any words. In the presence of that man her bad passions are stilled, her slumbering conscience is suddenly awakened, in order that it may speak to her with the voice and accent of Jesus. All that is good — law, virtue, religion — presents itself now to her imagination only in the person of the carpenter of Nazareth; but even now, while the words law, virtue, religion, were resounding in her heart like a threat which she was hastening to forget, she cannot detach her thoughts from the person of the Christ. He is not only holiness, he is love also. Even before climbing Calvary he bears the griefs of the poor and miserable. He who lives in constant communion with his Father must enjoy perfect felicity, even though the woes of humanity were drawing over his divine beauty the veil of an ineffable sadness. With that intuition which suffering and isolation give, the woman of the Gospel has seen the compassion of Jesus for sinners. Ah, may he be blessed, that compassionate Just One! And while this cry arises in her soul, she experiences an unknown feeling. She loves the Lord. How should she not love him! Now the Lord is vir-

tue made flesh, she loves then virtue also. It is needless to say that, in order to show her gratitude, she would wish to give the most precious thing that she possesses. She is then capable of sacrifice. What, that unfortunate one! who but now seemed condemned to despair, to do evil eternally, behold her burning with a holy passion for divine things! Without doubt she always has a horror of herself; but that horror makes her so much the better estimate the great compassion of Jesus, and increases her love. And she must show it to him, — not that she hopes to draw the attention of the Saviour upon herself (she is unworthy of that), but her heart is too full not to overflow. Without fear either of jest or of abuse, that woman, at whom they point with the finger, enters the house of the worthy Simon, and, taking the most humble position, crouching upon the floor, near the Lord, behind him, she kisses his dusty feet, she anoints them with a precious ointment, bought for a very different purpose; she bathes them with her tears, and wipes them with her hair. Do not pity her. Her tears are gentle. If she weeps over her lost innocence, her regret has nothing despairing in it. Her whole being has melted into gratitude, affection, tenderness. She has no time to be occupied with herself; her Master claims all her thoughts. He is there. She sees him. She touches him. He is so good that he suffers it, he the Holy One. He accepts the kisses of a defiled creature. With what timidity must she place her impure lips upon the Master's feet. If he should indignantly repulse her! But he seems to take no notice. Is this from sternness? No, — from an exquisite delicacy, he does not wish to disturb these sobs and sighs, the mute confession which the soul is making. And, besides, indifference would be more than she was daring to hope. Should he overwhelm her with reproaches, should he crush her, she will accept it all with joy, for she has deserved it; in the most bitter condemnation she will recognize the compassion of Jesus; does she not know that he has pity on her, and that surely he desires to save her?

Provided he permits her to love him, she will be happy, she will be virtuous.

Nevertheless, Jesus addresses himself to his host, the Pharisee. He speaks of debtors whose debts have been forgiven, and the sinner does not imagine, any more than does Simon, that he speaks of her. Suddenly she sees Jesus turn towards her, and she hears him pronounce strange words : comparing her, with the Pharisees, he places the lost woman above the official defenders of morality. "Simon, seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house; thou gavest me no water for my feet, but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment." Then Jesus assures the sinner that her sins are forgiven, because she has loved much. He finally dismisses her: "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

Let us pause a moment upon the conduct of the Saviour. Do you find nothing extraordinary in it, or, rather let me say, offensive? If you had not happily been nourished in the most absolute respect for his divine person, would you not be scandalized as the Pharisees were? It is not enough to be convinced that the Saviour could not have been mistaken; to be disposed to submit our judgment to his Christianity never encourages intellectual indolence; but its deeds and its words are so many problems which it is necessary to solve,—problems which it is necessary to study until we have recognized in every part the profound wisdom which has dictated them.

Ah well! would it not seem in comparing Simon and the sinner, that the Lord may not be perfectly just? It is true that, in that particular case, the woman has testified more affection than the Pharisee; but at first Simon has also clearly shown good-will in asking Jesus to sit at his table; and then a whole life passed in an honorable manner, does it not

weigh as much as one moment of feminine emotion coming at the end of a shameful life? Were not those words too stern, — He to whom little is forgiven, loveth little?

My brethren, the things of this world can be considered from two points of view distinct and often opposite, — man's point of view and God's point of view. From man's point it is incontestable that the Pharisee merits our respect, for he has always fulfilled his duties, both political and religious, while the past life of the sinful woman inspires us with extreme repugnance, and makes us doubt the sincerity of her tears. Surely from the divine point of view that woman's sins are not less than in the eyes of man; nevertheless, her actual repentance constitutes an action absolutely good, holy, perfect, — such an action cannot be found in the long career of Simon. And, even as a heap of dirt containing one diamond would have more value than a mass of objects, pure, but common, the morality of the sinner is superior to that of the Pharisee. The virtue of the latter strikes its roots in the bitter soil of pride. He never humbles himself. He reckons with the Creator. If God has given him life, he has rendered to God all due honor, and has paid the tithe exactly, therefore they are quit. Or rather, after each sacrifice he hastens to record his devotion among the advances which he has already made to heaven, and which heaven must repay to him with usury, for Simon does nothing for nothing. Now the Eternal requires only one virtue, humility, — only one sacrifice, the gift of ourselves. He has drawn us from nothing; but he requires that we should recognize our nothingness. He has made us to will and to act; but he desires that we should will and act as existing only by him. If in the depths of your consciousness you do not find this feeling of dependence, of abandonment, of free and joyous submission; if you think that you are something by yourself; if you imagine that your strength, your talents, your virtue, are your own, and proceed from yourself, — in that case, my brethren, your morality, should it be cited everywhere as

an example, does not approach the morality of that sinner kneeling at the Lord's feet. When the Pharisee refuses to give himself, and keeps back his heart, is he not guilty of revolt? He sets himself up for a god, as if he were his own creator. The sinner, on the contrary, what does she wish if it be not to submit herself to the action of the Divine spirit? She would be unable to say exactly what she is going to do, but she will do whatever God wills. Her will is entirely at one with that of the Heavenly Father, and is not this the very highest degree of holiness? Can you conceive a condition more perfect? Happy sinner; she is in that moment, without knowing it, holy, — holy in intention and in desire.

Since she loved much, said the Lord, her sins are forgiven, — she is saved by faith. This passage, the most explicit of all those in which Jesus speaks of salvation, shows clearly that we are not in accordance with the Gospel when we confound faith with belief in this or that doctrine. I ask you with what dogma can you suppose the sinner acquainted? Does she know that Jesus is born of the Holy Spirit, that he is the second person of the Trinity, that his blood will flow as an expiatory sacrifice, that he will come to judge the quick and the dead? She only knows one solitary thing; that is, that in Jesus she finds compassion and holiness without limit, and that she loves him, that she wishes to live for him, because in serving him she shall be delivered from evil. Faith, in the language of the Gospel, never means belief; but confidence, the giving our soul to God and to his Son; it is Love, as the Lord himself says.

How can the love which keeps the sinner at the feet of Christ procure for her the most precious gifts salvation and pardon? Nothing will appear more simple, my brethren, if you know in what these gifts consist. Jesus saves her from the consequences of sin. These consequences are, first, the pain and suffering which she would have merited in this life and in the other. He who has created mind and matter has organized the world in such a way that moral transgres-

sion is always followed by pain as a chastisement, as a warning to prevent us from becoming dead in sin. As soon as the guilty one reforms, that suffering has no longer a right to remain. But it would not be enough for the sinner to know that her punishment has been remitted; there is another consequence of sin from which she suffers more cruelly. The calm of a good conscience, peace, serenity, must be restored to her; she must be able to respect herself. Go, said the Lord to her, thy sins are forgiven; that is to say, I, the holy, I consider thee as washed from all stain; and, since thou hast renounced evil, thou art as pure in my eyes as the angels of my Father. Go; thou art a sinner no longer. I deliver thee from thyself. I take possession of thy soul. I put my holiness in the place of thy sins, and it is I whom I love in thee. Go; thy whole being belongs to me; thou must respect thyself, love thyself as thou lovest me. Thou art henceforth the vase into which I pour my spirit, like a celestial perfume. Go, my daughter; go in peace. Do you think that the sinner will not really go in peace? That would be to lose her faith in the Saviour's holiness. To doubt herself would be to doubt her Master. That would be saying that her conscience is more serene, more divine than his. Or rather, could the sinner think, that Jesus, it is true, pardons her because he is good; but that God, being a jealous God, probably requires another expiation than a broken heart? That would be pretending that God loves less, that he is less perfect than his Son. No; as soon as she refuses to believe in pardon, she accuses her Master of remissness, or she blasphemes the Creator. Despair is now a crime.

But if anguish has disappeared, has not sin remained? Who assures us that she has definitely broken the yoke? When she is with the Lord, is it not so? We should have taken great care how we dismissed her, to send her back into the world in the midst of temptations. We should have surrounded her and borne her off, watched over her night and

day, shut her up in a cell, that she might there do penance. Ah! my brethren, that proves how little we understand salvation by faith. If the sinner is not sincere, your pharisaical precautions will teach her mechanically the practice of honesty; but you will not transform her. If, on the contrary, she really loves the Saviour, fear nothing; no temptation would be able to conquer her love. Are you not aware that even a human affection, when it is sincere, produces marvellous changes in the most corrupted beings; and the tender confidence of that woman in the Holy of holies, would it not communicate to her a strength entirely new? Has not Christ taken possession of her soul? Has he not committed it to her as a precious charge? And do you imagine that she would be able to become again the plaything of vice and of the vicious? In declaring her pure, the Lord has really purified her. In accepting her love, he has now taken the command of her which sin but lately held. In declaring forgiveness to her, he has regenerated her. And verily I say to you that she will persevere in the right path. According to the tradition of the Church, the sinner is that Mary Magdalene who remained standing at the foot of the cross wishing to serve the Saviour when the whole world was abandoning him. And whilst the apostles, stupefied with having seen him by whom they were expecting the political restoration of Israel die upon the gallows, anxiously ask of each other whether they can still believe in their Master, she who had been the sinner does not hesitate. It matters not to her whether Jesus is or is not the Jewish Messiah. She is not going to search the books of the prophets in order to compel from them predictions applicable to his bloody death. She knows that that death is an act of love, like the whole life of Jesus. Her mind sees no difficulty there. Hardly is he taken from the cross, when she prepares a second time spices and ointments to testify to the cherished dead her unshaken affection, notwithstanding the ignominy of the punishment. Very early in the morning she is al-

ready at the sepulchre. But finding it empty, she weeps, for they have taken away her Lord, and she knows not where they have laid him. She speaks to the passers-by: "If you have taken him away, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away." Her tears prevent her from recognizing him to whom she speaks; when he, moved by so much affection, calls her by name, "Mary," and she answers, with a cry of love, "Rabboni, my Master!"

You have just seen how a soul, incapable in itself of escaping from the abyss, has been justified and regenerated by simple contact with the person of the Lord. Now, the repentance of the sinner, which would have driven her to despair had she been left to herself alone, has been changed into joy and strength as soon as Jesus has comforted her. Above all, peace was necessary to her; and she could find it only in trustingly laying hold of the Lord's hand.

Ah, my brethren, permit me to ask, Are you at peace with yourselves? No question could be presented of more importance (for I repeat it and you repeat it with me) that virtue is possible only to him whose conscience is at rest. To be strong, it is necessary to know one's self strong. Are you at peace with yourself? Some among you, I fear, put that question but little; and it might be concluded from this that their peace was profound, since those are generally well indeed who are ignorant in what their health consists. Yet the dead are equally ignorant. If your conscience leaves you in peace, is it, perchance, that you have stifled your conscience? Then I should have nothing to say to you; it is not to you that the Gospel would address itself; you would be perfectly able to do without it. But no, your conscience is not dead; it only sleeps; let it be aroused, and you will feel uneasiness. For many years you have found in gain an eager pleasure, which at the same time has soothed and excited you. For many years you have thought of God only because God has a Church here below, and because that Church is a rich neighbor, with whom it is important to live harmoniously.

For many years you have not once balanced your soul's account, to be aware of all the good instincts that you have lost, — frugality, liberality, gentleness, benevolence ; and, like a merchant who, fearing to prove the imminent danger of a failure, never casts his accounts, you persuade yourself that your moral condition leaves nothing to desire. But your security will suddenly vanish. Perhaps you will lose in one moment all your riches, however wise may be your precautions and well established your credit. Perhaps the children for whom you amass will perish before your eyes, one after the other. And, at all events, the hour of your death will soon sound. Then you will be conscious of a horrible void. The waters of bitterness will surround you on all sides, mounting higher and higher to engulf you ; for it is an overwhelming weight, a life like yours. Are you very sure that in that crowning moment you will perceive the Saviour, that you will be able to throw yourself at his feet, and give yourself to him without reserve ? Are you very sure that he will yet find time to make those words of consolation resound even through your death-struggle, "Go in peace, thy faith hath saved thee" ? Are you very sure of this ?

And you, my brethren, who are not absorbed to the same degree by the cares of the world, — you who silence from time to time the voice of your conscience, and do not pretend to be what you ought to be, — you who know what dissatisfaction, bitterness, and remorse are, — do not wait until the last moment to be at peace with yourself and with your God. Is it not true that you pass your whole life in vainly seeking an equipoise ; now presumptuous, now discouraged, now frivolous, then morose, but always powerless and always deprived of that joy which is like health to the soul ? Is it not true that at times you detest yourself ? It is because you are in reality detestable. Do not cry out as if I were doing you wrong. Tell me, rather, would you consent to show yourself to a friend just as you are at each moment of your existence, — to let him see your inmost thoughts, your most hidden inclina-

tions? Would you not be afraid of his affection becoming strangely cold, and of inspiring him with a sort of disgust? Would you desire that your son, your daughter, should resemble you in everything? No, I tell you that you hope your child will be more worthy, and it is in that hope that you cherish him; for you would love but little another like yourself. You are ashamed of your "*Me*." And yet you make it the centre of your activity; you bind everything to it; you have no other occupation than to satisfy its contemptible vanities, or its brutal instincts. Believe me, renounce this absurd game of serving a master whom you despise. Place your affections out of yourself, in a perfect Being whom you can adore without fear of debasing yourself in your own eyes. I tell you, place your affections in God; but God! — no one has ever known him, and we should no more be able to love God intensely than to love virtue, or infinity, or eternity, or any other abstract idea. Now, to deliver us from ourselves a passion is necessary for us. Love then Jesus! Do not disturb yourself with any theological difficulty; do not allow yourself to dwell upon dogmas and formulas; go directly to the Saviour himself, to his history, to his words. Do not imagine that your affection for him must contain something supernatural, mysterious, factitious. Love him simply with all your heart; give him the first place in your thoughts; make him your intimate friend, — as intimate as your conscience, — and you will find peace and happiness, and virtue will become easy, for you will be able to say, with the Apostle, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

MY ANTIPATHY.

VICE from my heart I abhor, yet feel I a double abhorrence,
 Doomed as I am now to hear virtue on every one's lips.
 "How! hate virtue!" say you. — I would we practised it all, and
 So, God willing, might hear nobody talk of it more.

SCHILLER.

A VERY COMMON STORY.

THE snow falls thick and fast. Every crevice and cranny is filled up with it; and still it comes down, softly and constantly, like all every-day bounties from the watchful Giver.

Mrs. Leslie looks out of the window with the pleasurable emotion that contrast gives, and anon at the warm ruddy lights shimmering and shifting about the room. The sparkling Cannel is joyfully reflected from the red worsted drapery and the Turkey carpet. The pier-glass renews the picture of comfort, plenty, and the luxury of warmth and protection. Over her mantel stands a photograph of Palmer's Faith, the gift of a loving friend; and the artist's Morning and Evening Star beam from conscious faces of immortal infancy on either side. Tea has long been over, and the girls have both gone to the Sewing-Circle. A thought, never long absent, of husband and son comes with pleasant pain to her; they will both be home soon. Indeed, it is time now for the train.

It is Mrs. Leslie's habit to recall at twilight—not the day's doings particularly, "nor the morrow's next design." But she has a habit of recalling, with some energy, as if she were dealing with a perverse child, her own manifold blessings and comforts.

So now, after several turns up and down the room, saying to herself, "Heart, why are you not happy? why are you not thankful? why, above all, must I, Conscience, forever be taking you to task for forgetfulness and indifference?" She stopped short in dismay. "It must be that I do not love God at all,—at least nothing that deserves the name of love! Here I am running off constantly on Pet and Lily, and wondering why *he* and Ralph don't come! There is no need to direct my thoughts to them! There is no need to tell a wife to love her husband, or a mother her child. But—God be merciful to me!—I must be honest with myself, and with Him at least; do I love Him at all?" The thought being put into shape, she recoiled from it.

Her heart would not allow its truth, whatever her intellect might accuse her of.

Mrs. Leslie was only a woman, and not a bit of a philosopher. She walked up and down, more and more rapidly, and said, as if she were repeating something from the Catechism, "With all the heart and mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves."

"They say, trying to do rightly helps us to believe rightly; — maybe the religious affections will grow more if I try to enlarge my social ones. I dare say I am too much of a home-body. And then there is the Sewing-Circle. I might go to it with the girls; but I do hate sewing! And besides, it seems to me so much more to the purpose to give directly to poor people, instead of this roundabout way of sewing for a box, and having a committee of investigation, and a ministry at large. Why, the salary alone of the last would relieve — how many?"

The door opened, and Biddy appeared.

"Mam!" in a most unmusical bass tone.

"What is it, Biddy?"

"A poor man to see the misthress, Mam!"

"Very well. I will come out directly."

She was relieved to be taken out of speculation into active and practical life. When she reached the kitchen, a poor-looking man sat shivering over the fire, as well he might, being clad so shabbily that the cold had nothing to do but to enter in. It was also going out in the shape of a hoarse cough. Altogether the man was a pitiable spectacle. Mrs. Leslie looked first sharply at the ragged clothes; as for the cough, she heard that for herself. But she never did things by halves. She was not the person to say, "Be ye warmed and comforted," without suiting the action to the word. So, first going to war with Biddy, she directed the remains of the dinner to be placed before the poor wretch, and some potatoes to be heated for him; all which proceedings had the natural result of disarranging Biddy's preconcerted break-

fast plan, and adding to her day's fatigue. Biddy, of course, took it out in burning the potatoes, and suspecting the rags and cold of the famished intruder.

While the man ate and drank, and rubbed his hands cheerily over the blazing coals, Mrs. Leslie went up stairs to the great chest, and selected a warm gone-by garment which she had herself wadded and lined for such an emergency. A pair of thick, warm stockings, also knitted by her own nimble fingers between daylights and darks, and a knitted woollen comforter, one of a dozen. These comforts she carried down stairs with a beating heart, — beating partly with compassion and partly with pleasure. It was a very great pleasure for Mrs. Leslie to bestow. So it is to most people. Even Becky Sharp said, "If I had ten thousand a year, would n't I give flannels to poor folks!"

Mrs. Leslie did not go without an extra head-dress, or dress of any sort, to obtain the means of relief for distressed fellow-creatures. She got all the dresses she wanted, and all the ribbons and head-gear that her fancy suggested. She made no sacrifices. Her impulses were to give, and to give pleasure to others and herself. To others, by relieving suffering; to herself by the enjoyment of feeling herself to be the source of that relief, and in reading grateful delight in the sufferer's eyes. Very much of the last. In fact, that was one reason she would not subscribe to the Provident Association. It removed from her what she considered and felt was her rightful reward. Only yesterday a cleanly, well-dressed woman had come to see her, and to thank her for the timely relief of three months back, which had been the means of giving her employment, and subsequent comfort.

"And I am to thank you for it all," she had said; and Mrs. Leslie had felt a little foolish, and as if it were like a scene in a novel; but nevertheless it had been very pleasant, and confirmed her in what she had often said and thought, that we could not and ought not to shift our duties to any association. It was our duty to examine personally into

cases of distress, and relieve them with our own hands. It brought the different classes together, and cemented the bonds of sympathy and humanity. She did not always know what she meant by all that she said, but it seemed to her wrong in the same way as to have one's praying done up by somebody else. "We might go to church," she said, "and support religious institutions; but unless we made religion a personal experience, it did us no good. And so of charity: poor people who are relieved by machinery lose a vast deal which would be felt on both sides, if there were personal applications and interest."

Long before Mrs. Leslie had reached the kitchen-door, these thoughts struck her with their usual force and clearness. She had forgotten that most of the cases which she alluded to had presented *themselves*. That she rarely, almost never, went herself to look up cases of destitution. In fact, one of the very disagreeable concomitants of poverty, namely, ill-smells, had prevented her, after one or two trials, from personally investigating cases of suffering. After she had once been nearly stifled in a cellar where the sick family could not afford to open the little casements for fresh air, because with the air came the cold, and when the cold came, they had so little wood to defend themselves against it, — after that, Mrs. Leslie shrunk from personal investigations, especially since poor people enough came to her. Of course, she meant to go, and did go occasionally, to look after results. But sometimes the people went away, and sometimes they came back, like the woman of yesterday, with thanks and blessings.

"Here are some things for you, to make you a little warmer," said she, with a cordial and smiling face, that was warmth in itself. The poor man took them with profuse thanks, and then told his little story.

His wife was feeble, and near her confinement. He could scarcely get enough for his labor to keep her and the children in the barest necessities of life. In the spring he hoped it

would be better. His wife was delicate and ailing, and though she did her best to keep up, he knew she needed a great many things which he could not procure for her. If Mrs. Leslie would give him a little camphor, that was a great relief to his wife in her faint turns.

Mrs. Leslie's woman's heart was all alive with sympathy. She liked the man's face too. It had an honest clearness in it, and he was so modest about asking when he needed so much. She told him cheerfully to come in the morning, and she would perhaps be able to find something for his wife and the new-comer. The new-comer, she determined, should not find this world full of bitterness and harshness. If Mrs. Leslie could have had her will, all should lie on rose-leaves. She forgot that the few who do, fret now that "they get doubled under them."

With the last blessings of the beggar sounding in her ears, and shutting them to Biddy's fretful and unreasonable remark, of "Arrah then! the *tonguey* villain can get more out of the mistress in two minutes than me honest wages comes to for a moonth!" Mrs. Leslie went back to her quiet parlor, her bright fire, and the shadows on the wall.

She walked up and down once more, but the old speculations had been shaken off the wonted track. In the morning she would pack a champagne-basket full of comforts for the poor woman, — clothes and changes of clothes. How much poor sick women must suffer for the want of abundant changes of garments! Yes, bed linen, and body linen, — and, above all, comfortable and numerous articles for the baby! And they should n't be old baby-clothes, such as poor people could do nothing with, — tarnished and half-worn embroidery and nonsensical old wrappers! The woman should have a good wrapper of her own, of proper cloth; and the baby, — she would herself make a dozen calico slips for it, of the right shape!

In the midst of her cogitations there came loud thumps on the piazza, kicks, and a boisterous ring at the bell. In a

minute more, Mr. Leslie and Ralph, with a great amount of snowy air and a general breeze of freshness and worldliness came into the still and dreamy parlor. The train had run off the track in the heavy snow, — they had been detained an hour, — everything had been done that could be done, — they had eaten heartily at Framingham, and were full of good humor and fatigue.

Scarcely had they got themselves settled and in readiness to hear the home experiences of the last two days, when a feminine ring, unlike as possible to the last, ushered in the two daughters, covered two inches deep with the snow. Bridget took storm-cloaks and snow-boots with an amiable readiness and hearty good-will that showed she was not all vinegar, and the two girls came in as comfortable and nice as two nuts that have had their shells removed.

"Well, Pet, — and Lily! pretty bad storm for you to be out in! Where did you meet to-night?" said Mr. Leslie.

He was one of those men who have "no nonsense about them," — not a bit afraid of snow for himself or his daughters, as their glowing cheeks and beaming eyes testified. So when they said the meeting was at Mr. Safford's, and that one of the sons came home with them, Mr. Leslie only said 't was a long walk, — as it was, being over a mile.

"But, as you say, girls, you are neither sugar nor salt. And this air, — why, it's like champagne! How glad I was to get out of the cars into the open air, if it was full of snow!"

"Did you get on well with your work?" said Mrs. Leslie, cursorily, for she did n't care much about it, and was thinking about the baby-clothes.

"Pretty well, mother, — very well. The chest is nearly full, and the things that were lent to the sick people, you know, are returned. They have been very carefully used, too, and it gives them such an idea of what is really comfortable and necessary, that two or three have laid by, as they call it, for sickness."

"That is, you know, mother," said Lily, "they put by

their under-clothes, before they are entirely worn out, so that, if any one of the family should be sick, there would be changes for them!"

"O yes,—I see," answered Mrs. Leslie; "but poor people can't be expected to do that! its absurd to look for forethought in the lower classes."

"But," Pet said, "two or three have, and every little helps. What do you think Mrs. Safford said she did, mother, the other day?"

"O, something good; what was it?"

"Well, it was something I don't think I could do; that is, I should n't want to. And she did n't want to, I suppose," said Lily.

"But she did it," said Pet, with great animation, "for an example to them!"

"Yes,—and partly because she had no servant," said Lily, reflectively; "but I don't suppose Biddy would do it any way—"

"Why, what was it, Pet?" said Mr. Leslie.

"It was this, father. But first, you know how refined and lady-like Mrs. Safford is! and she was never brought up to coarse labor of any sort; and even now, though they are in reduced circumstances, they have the habits of gentlewomen, and are able to afford to hire all their hard work done."

"Keep a little more to the point, witness!" said Mr. Leslie, laughing; "what is it that these refined people have done? put their own hands into the dish-water, or what wonderful descent have they made into unrefined regions?"

"Let me tell, Pet," said the more comprehensive Lily. "Mrs. Safford was telling us of her visits among some poor Irishwomen in Pleasant Street, and she said, among others, she went into a room where she had been told there was great destitution. She had five dollars of 'the fund,' to expend wherever she should see fit; and at first, it did seem, she said, as if the family needed everything. However, she said, she talked on *with* the woman, not *down* upon her; and

sympathized with her, and trotted the children. Mrs. Safford was made to go about visiting the poor, — she is a real comfort and encouragement to them! Well, by and by, she saw in a crevice which shut out the wind (for the room was shabbily built and full of great cracks) some sort of garment doubled up, and found, on disinterring it, that it was a stocking. Then, with her umbrella-stick, she walked round the room and dug out the material with which the various crevices and hiding-places under the beds and in the closet-corners, were filled. They made a pile a foot and a half high! Now I come to the good of my story!”

“I hope so,” said Mrs. Leslie; “but what else could they do, to fill up the cracks? I suppose they never thought of calking them!”

“No, mother! but the good of it is, that Mrs. Safford did n't spend her breath in preaching or reproaches. She rolled the old rags all up together in a bundle, — not a very savory one, as you may think, — and said cheerfully to the poor woman, ‘I shall come again to-morrow, and bring you something!’ Then she went home, and, like two good angels, she and Lucy washed every rag nicely, ironed and darned them neatly, and returned to the house with a large basketful of good, wearable clothing! Mrs. Safford said, we should have seen the woman, as she took out one pair of children's stockings and aprons after another, and the little calico gowns she had sewed up the rips in, and the rags she had made into decent holders! No sermon, no talking, could ever be half so eloquent as the facts, — the basketful of neat, well-mended facts before her. She said, the woman was perfectly overwhelmed with astonishment and admiration. And when Mrs. Safford said to her, ‘I cannot consider you an object of charity, but, on the contrary, that you are very well off for clothes,’ the woman cried out, ‘O, if I could sew and mend so like the angels as that!’ and Mrs. Safford told her she would teach her and the children, if they would come to the sewing-school, and that she must always bring her own clothes to work on, only they must be clean!”

"Mrs. Safford is head committee-woman, is n't she?" said Mr. Leslie, when they had all admired the genuine philanthropy which had dictated Mrs. Safford's actions.

"She is general adviser, too. Yes, sir, she is one of the visiting committee. She has so much hearty sympathy with the poor, and says the best way we can help them is to teach them how to help themselves, and that cleanliness is next to godliness, and that there is more morality in fresh air and good water than we think. Sometimes it does seem to me, that everybody would be good and happy, if they were only forbidden by law to live in cellars! finally, I would have a law against cellars at all!" exclaimed the excited Lily.

"Better make a law against all evil and sin and sorrow, Lily," said her father.

"But that would be impossible. There must be sorrow, and I suppose there must be sin. But there is sorrow enough for everybody without rich people's adding to it, by letting these dreadful cellars to tenants! Everybody ought to be allowed fresh air!"

"Law follows public opinion,—it does n't make it," said Mr. Leslie. "When the public is sufficiently wakened to the close connection between purity of body and mind, and the contrary, then 'model lodging-houses' will be the rule instead of the exception, and the avaricious man who now lets wretched lodgings at extravagant rates, without any of the comforts or decencies of life, will be ashamed to face the public scorn of his actions."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Leslie, "the tenants themselves injure and ruin the houses. I knew of one house where the pig was really kept in the family room!"

"Of course," answered her husband; "but what ought we to expect from foreigners, who are in the habit of living in houses or cabins with earthen floors, like the Irish, or as the German peasants do, with the house divided in two, and the cattle in one half,—where the one door of the house lets in pig and chicken, and where the stable odors mingle with the

sour-kROUT and onions! They bring their national customs with them; but our place should not be to despise, but inform them. And it is really very easy to raise their standard. At Syracuse, Mr. W. showed me a row of neat cottages, owned by himself, and built as an experiment. He let these houses, all—mark me—built with every necessary convenience and comfort, with neat door-yards to each, at a small rent; with the understanding that, at the year's end, such of the tenants as had fulfilled the conditions of care and cleanliness should be allowed to renew the lease, at, I think, double the first price, if they chose. If the conditions had not been fulfilled, of course, they were not to have another opportunity. He said that the second year, and every year, (it had been three or four,) the leases had been renewed, and the houses were as neatly kept as American or English houses were,—even more nicely than those of the Scotch or Germans of a higher grade. They were ambitious to keep everything as neat as they found it, and readily appreciated their superiority to the old fashion of dirt and confusion.”

“Yes, Mr. Ware says every woman has her mission in this country now,—that she need not go to Burmah or Batavia. The work is nigh us, even to our doors.” Pet was sixteen and very meditative, as girls often are at sixteen. Also very enthusiastically charitable, and enchanted with the recent organization of merciful endeavor, in the shape of the Provident Association. So was Lily, whose real name was Mary-Anne, as Pet's was Martha. So was Ralph, who rarely spoke about that or anything, and so was Mr. Leslie, who was an active mover and upholder of all healthy reforms. All but Mrs. Leslie, and she had her own views, as we have seen, very sincerely held, and with that tenacity often seen in the gentlest natures.

“Was Mr. Safford with you all the evening?”

“Yes, mother. He is the most entertaining man! Give me a minister at large, for all that is interesting as a talker! I have only to say, ‘Now, Mr. Safford! what about the poor?’

and off he sets, with the greatest amount of anecdote, of real life-sketches, so much better than any made-up thing, and so well colored with real flesh-and-blood humanity! And then he is so patient withal, and so humorous, and takes such large views of things! and don't blame the poor for deception and vice, as if all the virtues could be expected to flourish in attics and cellars, and everybody was going to be a martyr to principle! When he tells some abominable story, or, I should say, some story of abominable or ridiculous ingratitude and folly, and we all make long, shocked faces, he only says, 'Let the comfortable and rich, who are without sin, cast the first stone'!"

"I heard a good story to-day," said Ralph, breaking silence for the first time.

"O, tell it!" said all.

"It was one of Mr. W.'s experiences at L. He had been led to suppose there was a case of extreme destitution in his neighborhood, and as he is, you know, the minister at large, it became his duty to investigate it, and — to relieve it. He had been told of the distressingly sickly, pale family, disabled and wretched, and without the smallest of common comforts. It seemed that they had moved into L. with the hope of getting employment; and, failing to do so, had parted with everything comfortable for food, and were now reduced to the lowest distress. He said no one could hear the particulars without compassion and hastening to relieve them, and that several persons had already sent them food. But still they needed fire, light, clothes, and materials for living decently. He saw that at a glance, as he looked about the dismantled room, and at the almost empty and cold chimney; where two or three ragged and pale children were huddled together, while two men and three women stood and lay about, and all looked sickly and wretched. The impulse to put his hand in his pocket, however strong, he undoubtedly resisted; indeed, I believe he never gives money, but sends such articles of food or clothing as are suitable. If it had

been me, visiting, I should have considered my investigations ended. The case spoke for itself of want and misery. Not so, however, with our intelligent and not-to-be-taken-in missionary. He looked about the room; remarked that the house was small; — were there any other tenants? was there another room? how about the cellar, — was it a dry, comfortable one? Thus he pleasantly chatted, inducing one of the men to show him the cellar. Which was bare. The closets, which were ditto. The chamber overhead, very ditto. Anybody but Mr. W. would have gone away with a blush on his cheek and tears in his eyes. Not so Mr. W.

Perceiving that a ladder in the chamber was placed against a trap-door in the upper loft, he began to ascend it. The man endeavored to dissuade him. There was nothing there, he said.

"But I wish to see the size and capacity of the house," persisted Mr. W., steadily walking up the ladder, without noticing the man further. He raised the trap-door! and there, Lily! there, Pet! what saw he?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Leslie.

"A little coffin, with a dead baby in it!" said Pet, sorrowfully.

"One little, two little, three little Indians," said Mr. Leslie, who had seen the corner of Ralph's mouth.

"Don't, father! — it must have been — was it anything very dreadful, Ralph?" said Lily, with white cheeks, and eager blue eyes full of tears.

"Not very. It was wood, nicely cut and split."

"Wood, Ralph!"

"Yes, half a cord. And — and other goodies. Food and drink — and cards. They turned night into day. They were sinners all. Now you see. Was n't it a funny discovery? Mr. W. found out all about them, and had them sent off out of L."

"Why!" exclaimed all the ladies.

"Good!" said Mr. Leslie; "another proof, if we needed

any, of the propriety of intrusting relief to a man experienced both in distress and craft. Shrewd common-sense, that is constantly increased by experience in a certain way, is worth a great deal. That Mr. W. is as sharp as a detective policeman, and beneficent and patient as an apostle."

"Well, I confess," said Mrs. Leslie; "I could not have got up the face to explore the house as he did! it seems so like suspecting them. I should have been afraid of hurting their feelings."

"How came he to suspect them?" said Mr. Leslie.

"I fancy," replied Ralph, "that long habit and experience have given him a sort of second-sight in these matters. There was probably a want of harmony in the destitution. An inconsistency, which he could not define or account for, but which struck him, as it does us, where people don't really feel what they say. They overdo the matter somehow. W. has an instinct at discovering imposture, — a sixth sense."

"And a very important sense in his position," said Mr. Leslie, "since every dollar that goes into the knave's pocket is so much out of the really poor man's; these were just vicious people, were they? how did Mr. W. find out about these?"

"O, where he set out, he easily discovered. A woman near by had seen lights in the night, and told him. Then the police were put on the scent, and it was easy enough detecting them. But many persons had already sent abundant relief to their supposed destitution, and Mr. W. said their faces expressed their real health and condition, which was bad enough."

"There is no reclaiming such people," said Mr. Leslie.

"O no! The only way was to get them out of town, or into prison, and the officers gave them a chance to pack off, for the sake of getting rid of them."

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

THE QUESTION AND THE DUTIES OF THE HOUR.

WE are furnishing largely and rapidly the materials of history. Every sober Christian man will see to it that he is lifted above the passions of the crisis, and will be awake to the dimensions of the great questions on which he may be called to vote and to act.

The Union *as it was* is dissolved. Perhaps the dissolution is final, — perhaps not. It were vain to discuss the probabilities; but we know that schisms in church and state, where once actually ultimated, are seldom if ever healed. If the Gulf States come back into the Union, it will be one of the anomalies of history, — unless, indeed, their whole course has been a trick and a stratagem. We are not going to speculate about what will happen, but we look over the country which we ought to honor and love, to see what are the elements of its future, and what are its claims upon the loyalty of its children.

The London Times, the great oracle of British periodical wisdom, speculates in this way about our condition and prospects. It thinks that, if secession takes place, the Border States will inevitably follow the Gulf States, thus making the line of cleavage identical with that which separates slavery and freedom. And what would follow?

“It would, in fact, make the Southern Federation the real United States, as far as territory present and prospective is concerned, and reduce the North to what our ancestors would have called a ‘Rump.’ The people of Boston or Philadelphia might be distinguished for their ability and enterprise, but they would belong to a country with hardly a greater future than Canada. Every natural advantage would be on the side of the Slave States. Look at the map, and you will see what a narrow slip of country composes the free soil of the American federation. Only the sea-coast from the British frontier to the Delaware — a few hundred miles — belongs to it; all the rest, stretching far away down the Atlantic and along the Gulf of Mexico, is in the hands of the slave-owners. The mouth of the Mississippi is theirs; the Missouri and Arkansas, the great arteries of the extreme West, are theirs. Virginia pushes a spur of territory to within less than a hundred miles of Lake Erie, and thus divides the Atlantic Free States

from the West in a manner highly dangerous to their future union. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the connection between New York and New England on the one hand, and Illinois and the neighboring States on the other, could long survive the total separation of the South. The North would have a territory as straggling as that of Prussia, and the Western region would soon find it advantageous to dissolve its union with the Eastern. In the mean time, all the riches of the New World would be in the grasp of the Southerners. Instead of exploring the inhospitable regions in the neighborhood of the British frontier, which would be all that remained to the North, the slave-owners would carry their 'undeniable property' into lands blessed with every advantage of climate, soil, and mineral wealth. Texas has territory enough to make three or four great States. New Mexico is about to be admitted with slave institutions. Arizona will follow. Mexico must in a few years be conquered; and the Southerners, lords of the most magnificent domain in the world, would control the passage between the two oceans."

Foreigners generally exhibit an astonishing capacity for ignorance of American geography, but seldom so great as the London Times has here indicated. How is the fact, and what are the real elements of our future?

The United States, viewed according to the controlling features of physical geography and homogeneous population, fall into four grand divisions of empire.

First, we have the Southern, or Slave States. Leaving out Missouri, which has essential elements of freedom, — which is hemmed in on three sides by Free States already, and in the event of a general breaking up would find slave-property the most winged of all earthly riches, — there are fourteen Slave States lying compact, with a territory of 860,000 square miles. These form three tiers of States, whose interests are by no means identical. The lowest tier comprises "the Cotton States," all lying on the Gulf with the exception of South Carolina. They are seven in number. All the seven have seceded except Texas, and we have not a doubt she will join the others. Their interests are radically different from those of the other Slave States. Cotton is king, and controls everything. Their plan is obvious. The slave-trade to be reopened, annexation of Cuba by purchase or by piracy, more territory from Mexico, free trade, the

ambition of politicians to be gratified,—in short, a great black republic around the Gulf of Mexico, from which the advancing civilization of the century shall be barred out,—this is the programme of the Cotton States. It was concocted long ago, and only waited for occasion. They care little about Mr. Lincoln's election, about the Fugitive Slave Law, or about our Personal Liberty Bills, which affect them no more than the eclipse of Jupiter's moons.

The Gulf States have a territory of 600,000 square miles. It is a mistake to suppose that this is uniformly fertile. Florida is a poor State. South Carolina abounds in marshes and sand-barrens. But the bottom lands of the Mississippi and vast regions of Texas are of unbounded fertility, and especially adapted to cotton cultivation.

Then there is a middle tier of Slave States, in which cotton is cultivated, but where it is by no means king. Dr. Robert Breckenridge of Kentucky, in his great speech on the national Fast-Day, calls them the "Mixed States." To these belong North Carolina and Tennessee.

But more important in this great crisis are the non-cotton, or "Border States,"—the northern tier that fronts the line of freedom. Their statesmen see clearly enough that it is not for their interest to be drawn into the secession vortex and be "dragged at the tail of the Cotton States." The foreign slave-trade is against their interests; they would be inferiors and dependencies upon the Cotton Republic, and their whole frontier line would lie open to all the invasions which might occur in the whirl of revolutions. If they come north, as it would seem they must,—provided reason rules instead of passion,—the line of cleavage, if we must have one, would be that which separates us from the Cotton States, following the southern line of North Carolina and Tennessee.

The "Mixed" and Border States have a territory of over 260,000 square miles, and a population of nearly five millions.* This section includes the best portion of the "sunny

* We have not included Missouri, which would make 65,000 more.

South." It holds the honored dust of some of the greatest statesmen that have adorned the annals of the country. It has over one million slaves; but it has vast regions which are not slave soil, and wonderful resources for commerce, for agriculture, and for manufactures, not yet developed. Moreover, it contains some of the truest friends of the Union, and men of as large, generous, and humane culture as are anywhere to be found. There is a state of society which, if it lacks some of the New England virtues, is also free from some of the New England vices. Probably nowhere in the world have the kindly and magnanimous virtues a more liberal growth than in the "Mixed" and Border States. If the Union party in this section should be successful, and the "Mixed" and Border States should still adhere, we cannot see how the loss of the Cotton tier would in any way imperil the national prosperity.

The *second* grand division of empire is the Northeast, comprising New England and the Free States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. It has a territory of 164,000 square miles. Its area is considerably larger than that of Great Britain, and nearly equal to that of France. The wealth, the science, the learning, the resources of skill, invention, art, and productive industry, lie here with immense preponderance, and must for a long time to come. Its "future," which the London Times deprecates, will not depend upon its extent of territory, but upon that industry which, under the clearer and more efficient direction of the brain-power, has produced results in commerce, in art, and in agriculture beyond those of any other section of the Union. The exports of New York and Massachusetts alone are a good deal more than half as much as those of all the other States combined; and their imports are equal more than three times over to those of all the rest. This section has all kinds of soil, from the granite hills of New Hampshire to the splendid wheat-fields of Genesee; and notwithstanding the comparatively dense population, not one fourth of

its agricultural resources is yet developed. The laboring classes, which South Carolina thinks are starving to death, have enough money in the savings banks of Massachusetts alone to buy off one fourth of all her slave population. If the line of cleavage should be Mason and Dixon's, — which God forbid, — thus nearly cutting the Northern States in two, still the country must turn for a long time towards the Northeast, as the region of science, industrial art, and productive skill.

The *third* grand division of empire is the great Northwest, comprising the immense region between the Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, and between the British possessions on the north, and the Ohio River and the southern line of Kansas on the south. Commencing with the table-land that separates the waters that set towards the pole from the waters that set towards the Gulf, it slopes southward, through twelve degrees of latitude, over beds of coal and along noble rivers. It has an area of more than a million square miles. It would take in England twenty times over, and have considerable margin to spare. It is five times as large as France. Leaving out Russia, it is nearly as large as the whole of Europe beside. Never shone the sun on a fairer region. It is destined to become the garden of the world. With the exception of a northern strip, and other localities of comparatively small extent, it is a vast rolling prairie or spreading forest, in which the subsiding waters left the richest deposits, and where the growing and decaying vegetation of unknown centuries has formed its accumulating mould. The traveller journeys day after day, and still the fertile plains spread round him like an ocean, with their deep, dark alluvium, which no culture can exhaust; or perhaps the forests, which have kept and enriched the virgin soil for the coming man. The northern portion has a climate cold in the winter, but equable and serene, and an air so pure that Eastern consumptives go there to breathe it and take healing into their lungs. The southern portion is mild and semi-tropical. All of it

will be a region in whose climate the human physique, instead of wilting down as in the slave countries, will develop its most manly vigor. This vast realm is as safe for freedom as human foresight and power can make it. Already eight Free States have been formed here, and their aggregate population cannot be much less than seven millions. And it is increasing with unparalleled rapidity.

This is to be the grain country both of Old England and New. Already Iowa, Illinois, and the southern half of Wisconsin, are turning their great prairies into wheat-fields. Does anybody imagine that this vast empire is to be hemmed in and cooped up from the rest of the world? Chicago, its main port, has sprung up almost in a day, and is destined to be the London of the Northwest. On the line of the Lakes, the Northwest will find its way to the ocean.* On the great trunks of railway it finds its way now to our Eastern ports; on the Mississippi it will find its way to the Gulf, spite of any batteries which Secession Governors may please to plant on the banks of the stream. Moreover, the men who are filling up this great region are equal to the destiny which they are to accomplish. No one who has ever been among them will imagine that they are to fall into such imbecile strifes as distract the Mexican and South American States. They illustrate signally the influence of climate and surroundings in developing and shaping the proportions of manhood; the plastic power, not only of man over the earth, but of the earth over man. They have the Saxon instinct, not only of conquering, but of organizing and conserving. They are loyal to the Constitution and the laws. The writer of this witnessed the trial of a man charged with the forcible rescue of a fugitive slave. It was in their chief city and during a hot political contest, and before a jury most of whom were in full sym-

* A ship-canal is already projected for the purpose of connecting the upper lakes and Lake Michigan with Lake Ontario, avoiding the great falls. Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario bend to within a hundred miles of each other, and this neck being crossed, the great object would be accomplished.

pathy with the prisoner. While the waves of excitement were surging around the court-house, the jury sat grave and impassive as so many stone coffins, and gave in their verdict "according to the law and the evidence," prompt and square against the prisoner.

Such is the great Northwest, and such the men who will occupy it.

The *fourth* division of empire is the Pacific slope. It comprises 900,000 square miles, and would be in itself an empire. The whole of this region is already consecrated to freedom, or is very likely to be. California, the southern sea-board State, is not more rich in its gold than its immense agricultural resources. Oregon has every description of soil and surface as the slope descends, terrace below terrace, to the western coast. Its natural resources are vast and indefinable. Its rough mountain spurs open down into glades of great fertility and picturesque beauty, fanned by the Pacific breezes and with a climate wonderfully healthful and serene. Not long since we heard an intelligent old gentleman describe it, who left his rich prairie farm in Iowa for the luxury of breathing in the glades of Oregon. If this Union is to be broken up, the Pacific slope will naturally form a government of its own, and slavery will not be likely to scale the Rocky Mountains to get possession of this empire of the setting sun.

And this is what we call "our country." Did any people ever have committed to them an inheritance like this? Was there ever madness and folly like that which would dismember it or cast it miserably away?

No one can fail to see that these four great sections are essential to each other, not merely for the ends of trade and commerce, but for the ends of art, culture, manners, religion, — for all that tends to humanize and to bless mankind. With the increasing means of intercommunication which have already brought the East and West close together, and presently would bring the Pacific and Atlantic slopes within a few days' distance of each other, these sections would as-

similate more and more rapidly, and act each upon the other with growing beneficence. United under one government, the inter-diffusion of the influences of art, science, industry, civilization, and religion would go on with rapid increase. But if they become foreign nations to each other, even though at peace, it is plain that these influences must suffer grievous interruption and isolation.

But they would not be at peace. If the line of cleavage should be the line between freedom and slavery, it would cut the Free States nearly in two, and break the Union into as many as four nationalities. It is not to be denied, that the slave interest would be the greatest sufferer. The line of freedom being brought close to slavery, with all obligation to "deliver up" fugitives taken away, the Border States would be subject to insurrections and loss of self-locomotive property along the whole frontier. The occasions of border strifes and feuds and a thousand vexing questions of diplomacy, and consequently for fratricidal bloodshed and hate, would be tempting enough. The Border States would gravitate inevitably towards the Cotton Republic, to consolidate the slave power and get protection in its despotism.

Not only so: the United States, instead of being a first-class power to protect commerce upon the seas, to diffuse the arts of peace, to make American citizenship a prerogative to be respected at the ends of the earth, would sink into fragments of empire, and for a time lose its prestige among the nations.

Better so, however, we say, than degrading compromise. Better four nationalities—three of them free and flanking slavery along two thousand miles of its frontier—than one great oligarchy held together to extend property in man. The free republics would have each an ample domain, and a glorious future within its grasp,—would have all the vigor of youth and the elastic strength which freedom gives; they would hold the destinies of the continent in their power. The free communities would have no cause for collision, but every reason for amicable relations, and they

would have with them the moral sentiment of the civilized world. It would be strange if they did not emerge from the revolution more successfully than the slave section, and recover again, with a purer fame, their prestige among the nations of the earth. Better cleave to Divine principles, then, and trust to God, than barter them for a hollow and ignominious peace.

There is still a question which any humane mind will ask itself: What, on the whole, would be the effect of breaking up the Union on the condition of the African race, with Mason and Dixon's line as the line of cleavage? Two results would seem to be sure. The States, no longer one nation, would have surrendered all control over the slave trade. The new Cotton confederacy could bring its proposed "three millions of cannibals" from Africa, and spread them around the Gulf. Then again, a new sense of insecurity in the Border States would beget new measures of internal police, and the slave system would there press down with greater harshness upon its victims. Or if, in the crumbling of empire, or in sectional collisions, there should also be servile war, no reasonable mind will doubt that its worst miseries would ultimately fall upon the negro, and fall with terrible severity. For these reasons, we are satisfied that the African race has nothing to gain by breaking up the Union, but worse calamities to fear.

These are the views from which we would vote and act. Come what will, we could not vote to nationalize slavery, or send it into territories now free. But unless we "filibuster" anew, the territorial question is shrinking into small dimensions, and will very soon disappear from our politics. To the Border States it must be of very inferior consequence, and it is difficult to see what they can gain by its agitation. This question disposed of, and the Fugitive Slave Act divested of its insulting and revolting features,—matters which we hope there is statesmanship enough in the country to settle wisely and well,—what is to hinder the four great sections

from helping and blessing each other, and forming an organism whose railways, electric wires, and majestic water-courses shall be the veins and arteries of one national life? Nothing but the madness of the hour. The loss of the Gulf States, whose ends were different from those of all the rest, would be of no permanent disadvantage, but would withdraw one element of corruption from our politics, and an element of distraction and weakness from our national Union. With "internal tranquillity" under the stars and stripes, we shall emerge rapidly out of our remaining barbarism.

It appears from our survey, that, while 900,000 square miles of our national area are given up to slavery, over 2,000,000 are safe for freedom. It appears, moreover, that while slavery has large spaces of immense fertility to expand in, the best and fairest and most healthful regions belong to freedom. We cannot take the impression too deeply into our minds, that the question of freedom and slavery is not an issue which a few Abolitionists have forced upon us, and which politicians can keep down. It is the question of the new age coming on by steady steps,—the emergence of the toiling masses into light and privilege. It has been coming on for more than a century, and political arrangements will not stay it, though they may turn it for a while out of its peaceful course. It reaches the serfs of Russia, the subjects of Austria, the working classes of England, the slaves of the West Indies, and it undermines the rotten throne of the Pope. Union or no Union, we shall not shut out this question, or very greatly accelerate or retard it. If the friends of freedom here are wise and faithful too, the law of population and the laws of Providence will work with them. Slavery will be modified, or retire towards the Gulf,—as it is doing now in two of the Border States,—much more surely under the peaceful banner of the Union than in the chances of strife and blood; and the day of light and privilege will come to the bondman, not in the wreck of empire, but will come like the spring-time that "melts the winter's gyves with gentle might."

RANDOM READINGS.

CANADA.

LET us not forget, in these times, our neighbor who lies up farther towards the north star, and whom we are apt to leave out of the account when we speak of the Free North as the controlling power of the American continent. The last London Quarterly has an exceedingly valuable article upon Canada, and, if all its statements are to be received, those persons must modify their views considerably who have regarded it as a poor country and without any future. The writer makes it one of the first countries in the western hemisphere, and even thinks it compares favorably with the best of the American States,—particularly Canada West. The increase of population in the United States, for the ten years previous to 1850, was thirty-five per cent. In Canada West it was one hundred and four per cent! "It is most striking to one who has never witnessed such prodigality of nature, to see whole districts of many miles square composed of alluvial deposits from thirty to eighty feet deep of soil so rich in some places as to bear good crops of wheat for several successive years without manure." Near Toronto one hundred bushels of wheat have been raised on a single acre! Even the London Quarterly must not expect us to swallow that without considerable hesitation. We will readily believe, however, that the average produce is sixteen bushels to the acre, and in some townships, where good farming prevails, thirty and forty. Moreover, there is no malaria or fever and ague in Canada; and it has now a free government, its lower house being the chosen representatives of the people. The West province has nearly a million inhabitants, the lower province nearly as many more. They are increasing, not only in numbers, but in thrift and enterprise; they are coming into close alliance with the great Northwest, and must become one of the important powers of North America. God speed them as one of the forces of freedom and of a benign Christian civilization! What if they should drop off some day from Great Britain as ripe fruit? or what if, spite of our efforts, the earth should open some day along Mason and Dixon's line, and there should be a Northern federation, including

Canada, with a thousand miles of Atlantic coast, and magnificent navigable lakes along its whole interior, with the noble St. Lawrence bearing their waters to the sea! Nature never laid out a more splendid plan for flourishing commercial empire, not even in the Mediterranean, and the states that clustered around its waters in the day of their palmyest prosperity and glory.

S.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

THE children have just had their holiday on this, one of our most appropriate national anniversaries. Did they remember what made Washington great, and what was the organic of his wonderful character? It was not learning and scholarship, for any pupil of the schools of New England has within his reach as finished an education as his. It was not quickness of intellect, for his mind moved slowly to its conclusions, and a thousand small politicians of to-day could reason more rapidly and more subtly than he. It was not intuition, for of this he had very little. It was not eloquence, for his words were few, and when called upon unexpectedly his speech was halting and slow. But one virtue he had in ampler measure than almost any man that ever lived, and that was PERFECT FIDELITY TO TRUST AND PERFECT SINGLENESSE OF AIM. Men saw and felt that he could no more be moved from this than the earth could be shaken from its sphere, and therefore all hearts turned thither with perfect confidence and repose. Such was his simplicity of aim, that he saw readily the same virtue in others, and drew it into his service, and dishonesty was so rebuked in the serenity of his perfect virtue, that it grew ashamed of its arts and gave them over. He had the clear, practical judgment, and when we add to this perfect fidelity to trust, we have named the prime formative elements of a character that stands pre-eminent in the modern ages, and which has ever been one of the richest legacies to the youth of America. We have had men of larger culture, more massive intellect, and more commanding eloquence; but because their aim was double, and not single, they sank immeasurably below him. Irving's *Life of Washington* is charming, but his best eulogy in words, and the most perfect mirror of his character, will be found in the twelve volumes of his letters; and never was there a correspondence that showed an integrity so adamant, and a simplicity so majestic.

S.

VERSATILITY.

THE changeableness of things below has been strikingly manifest in two things, — stocks and the thermometer, — the latter more especially. In a place we know of, not more than thirty miles from Boston, it stood, on the 7th of February at sunrise, 34° above zero. The next morning at sunrise, it stood 23° below zero. A range through *fifty-seven degrees* in twenty-four hours is without precedent, we think, unless we look for it in the political world. Perhaps the state of our politics had got ultimated in nature some way, indicating the changes that perplex monarchs and presidents. S.

"THE DESTRUCTION OF THE POOR IS THEIR POVERTY."

ONE of the measures most needed in this city at this moment is an efficient license law for restraining the sale of spirituous liquors. And yet we need a great deal besides law. Evil can be supplanted when it cannot be directly vanquished. We must put good in the place of it. When a man has nothing but his whiskey, it will be hard to persuade him to give up his all, wretched and the source of wretchedness though it may be. We commend to the reader's attention the following extract from an admirable "Plea for Ragged Schools," by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, the celebrated Edinburgh preacher. It may be of some service to some who are almost ready to say that there is nothing any more to be done for a poor man or woman, when it is settled that poverty is likely to be aggravated by intemperance. E.

I may be permitted to express my thorough conviction, that the uncared for and desperate circumstances of the poor often prove strong temptations to the waste that leads to want. They are helpless because they are hopeless. It is after they get desperate, that they get dissipated. Man thirsts for happiness; and when everything in his neglected and unpitied and unhelped sorrows is calculated to make him miserable, he seeks visions of bliss in the day-dreams of intoxication; and from the horrors that follow on excess, he flies again to the arms of the enchanter. The intoxicating cup brings, — what he never has without it, — though a passing, still a present feeling of joy and comfort. . . . It is easy for those who walk through the world rolled in flannels and cased in good broadcloth, who sit down every day to a sumptuous, at least a comfortable dinner, who have never had to sing a hungry child to sleep, nor to pawn their Bible to buy bread,

—it is very easy for such to wonder why the poor, who should be so careful, are often so wasteful. "What have they to do with drink?" it is said; "What temptation have they to drink?" I pray them — not that I defend the thing, but detest it — but I pray them to hear the testimony of one who knew human nature well. The laird and Maggie are haggling about a fish bargain.

"'I'll gi'e them,' says Maggie, 'and — and — and half a dozen o' partans to mak' the sauce, for three shillings and a dram.'

"'Half a crown then, Maggie, and a dram,' replies the Laird.

"'Aweel, your honor maun ha'e 't your ain gate, nae doubt; but a dram's worth siller now, — the distilleries is no working.'

"'And I hope they'll never work again in my time,' says Oldbuck.

"'Ay, ay, it's easy for your honor and the like o' you gentle folks to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire and meat and dry claes, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, — whilk is warst ava', — wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi' 't to be eilding and claes, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?' — *The Antiquary*.

There is a world of melancholy truth in this description.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

EDITED BY REV. DRS. RANDALL AND HUNTINGTON.

Our predecessor in the editorship of the "Monthly Religious Magazine" has resumed his editorial labors in his new field of Christian service. We do not admire the *shape* of the periodical, — it is one of the most unmanageable collection of sheets that we ever took into our hands; nevertheless, we have read all that it contains, and have been interested in much of the contents, especially, we may add, in the articles entitled "A Living Church," and "The Limits of Religious Thought," and are only tempted to ask the author of the former paper what he means by distinguishing "between the mythological drapery of doctrine and the essentials of truth"? This sounds a little like the "Essays and Reviews" which, with their American reviewers, are noticed in a paper, the spirit of which, we think, leaves very much to be desired. Does the writer of that article imagine that the hypothesis by which a day is understood to mean an indefinitely long cycle of years or ages, was purposely left out of sight by the reviewer of the "Recent Inquiries"? And is it not true that the

strict Scripturalist would treat this hypothesis as at once a dangerous and a needless concession to science?

It is a good sign that the two extremes of the Episcopal sect look with suspicion upon this new journal. It is the best possible testimony for the catholic spirit of the editors. We hope that they will maintain their independent position between the two wings of their denomination. Can there be anything plainer than that all things are working in the Church of Christ towards reconstruction under the guidance of the Spirit that leads into all truth,—a Spirit promised to our age as much as to any age?

E.

“DOMINE, QUO VADIS?”

WE know of no more beautiful and striking illustration of what St. Paul, writing to the Colossians, calls “filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body’s sake, which is the church,” than the following poem. Our readers will be glad to have it in their own magazine. It appeared originally in Blackwood.

E.

“DOMINE, QUO VADIS?”

[Probably most of our readers have heard of the little church of “Domine, Quo Vadis?” near Rome, and the legend connected with the spot upon which it is built. After the burning of the Imperial City, so runs the story, Nero sought to fasten upon the Christians the accusation of having caused the conflagration. Hence arose the first of those terrible persecutions, which destroyed the lives of so many of the early confessors of our holy faith. The Christian converts at Rome besought Peter not to expose his life, which appeared to them to be necessary to the prosperity, if not the very existence, of the then infant Church. After much persuasion, the Apostle consented to flee from the scene of persecution. But while hurrying along the Appian Way, and before he had gone more than a mile or two from the city gates, he was met by a vision of our Saviour, crowned with thorns, and bearing his cross towards the place from which he himself had just fled. Filled with wonder at this unexpected sight, Peter exclaimed: “Domine, quo vadis?” “*Lord, whither goest thou?*” To which the Lord, directing towards him a look of mingled grief and pity, replied: “I go to Rome, to be crucified a second time.” The vision then vanished; but Peter returned to the city, to suffer and die in the cause of the Master whom he had almost denied a second time. — EDS. EP. REC.]

THERE stands in the old Appian Way,
Two miles without the Roman wall,
A little ancient church, and gray;
Long may it moulder not, nor fall!
There hangs a legend on the name,
One reverential thought may claim.

'T is written of that fiery time,
When all the angered evil powers
Leagued against Christ for wrath and crime,
How Peter left the accursed towers,
Passing from out the guilty street,
And shook the red dust from his feet.

Sole pilgrim else in that lone road,
Suddenly he was 'ware of One
Who toiled beneath a weary load,
Bare-headed in the beating sun,
Pale with long watches, and forespent
With harm and evil accident.

Under a cross his weak limbs bow;
Scarcely his sinking strength avails;
A crown of thorns is on his brow,
And in his hands the print of nails.
So friendless and alone in shame,
One like the Man of Sorrows came.

Read in her eyes who gave thee birth
That loving, tender, sad rebuke;
Then learn no mother on this earth,
How dear soever shaped a look
So sweet, so sad, so pure as now
Came from beneath that holy brow.

And deeply Peter's heart it pierced:
Once had he seen that look before;
And even now, as at the first,
It touched, it smote him to the core.
Bowing his head, no word save three
He spoke: "Quo vadis, Domine?"

Then, as he looked up from the ground,
His Saviour made him answer due:
"My son, to Rome I go thorn-crowned,
There to be crucified anew,
Since he to whom I gave my sheep
Leaves them for other men to keep."

Then the saint's eyes grew dim with tears;
He knelt his Master's feet to kiss:

"I vexed my heart with faithless fears;
 Pardon thy servant, Lord, for this!"
 Then rising up — but none was there —
 No voice, no sound, in earth or air —

Straightway his footsteps he retraced,
 As one who hath a work to do;
 Back through the gates he passed with haste,
 Silent, alone, and full in view,
 And lay forsaken, save of One,
 In dungeon deep, ere set of sun.

Then he, who once, apart from ill,
 Nor taught the depth of human tears,
 Guided himself and walked at will,
 As one rejoicing in his years,
 Girded of others, scorned and slain,
 Passed heavenward, through the gates of pain.

If any bear a heart within,
 Well may these walls be more than stone,
 And breathe of peace and pardoned sin
 To him who grieveth all alone.
 Return, faint heart, and strive thy strife;
 Fight, conquer, grasp the crown of life.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Human Destiny. A Critique on Universalism. By C. F. HUDSON, Author of "Debt and Grace, as related to the Doctrine of a Future Life." Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. — Mr. Hudson is well known as the strenuous defender of the doctrine of the annihilation of the radically wicked. Two things impress us on reading his book, his admirable fairness and candor as a controversialist, and his great power and skill as a logician. His argument is learned, Scriptural, and strong, and, from the stand-point of the advocates of endless torture, we do not believe it has ever been answered or ever can be. The Restorationists meet the argument more successfully, standing on the ground of human philosophy; but coming to the matter of exegesis, we think Mr. Hudson has immensely the

advantage of them. We do not think his argument exhaustive. There are other views of the destiny of bad men not embraced either in restoration or endless punishment; but the works of this writer, as a treasury of learning, argument, and interpretation, let no one neglect or pass by who has an interest in these momentous themes.

S.

Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl. Written by Herself. Edited by L. MARIA CHILD. Boston: Published for the Author. — Let those persons read this who think slavery "a good thing for the colored race," and ordained to be the normal state of society. It shows the system even more effectually than Uncle Tom's Cabin, for it is a simple narrative of facts, told with a truthfulness and pathos that go straight to the heart. Especially as it bears upon woman, and in ways concealed from superficial "South-side views," this story of the slave-girl exhibits the system, we have no doubt, faithfully and truly.

Mrs. Child says in her Introduction, that, with trifling exceptions, both the ideas and the language are those of the narrator. It would be incredible that an uneducated slave-woman could attain to a style of narrative that flows on so direct, and sometimes beautiful, except from the well-known fact that, when the heart burns with a sense of wrong, it will find by instinct its own words, and make them alive.

S.

What we Eat: an Account of the most common Adulterations of Food and Drink. With simple Tests by which many of them may be detected. By THOMAS H. HOSKINS, M. D. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. — The public generally are not probably aware of the extent of the villany by which they are imposed upon when they purchase their bread, sugar, coffee, tea, milk, spices, wines, and confectionery, and how much of poison they take in their food and drink in the shape of salts of copper, arsenic, carbonate of lead, bi-sulphuret of mercury, gamboge, chromate of potash, Prussian blue, Brunswick green, catechu, alum, indigo, sulphuric acid, Venetian red, yellow ochre, and bronze powders, to say nothing of the less poisonous additions of plaster of Paris, chalk, starch, burnt peas, beans, rye, and chicory. Nor do they know how much dyspepsia, paralysis, and death result from this slow poisoning. We hope every family will get Doctor Hoskins's book and apply his tests, and thus defeat the

knaves of their dishonest gains and save themselves. It is a small volume of 218 pages. s.

Correspondence of Fräulein Gündelode and Bettine von Arnim. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. — This book is a translation from the German. It is the correspondence of two girls, full of dreamy inspiration and subtle genius, one of them afterwards the correspondent of Goethe. The letters abound in poetical fantasy, absurdity, dreamy aspiration, and beautiful sentiment. s.

Struggle for Life. By the Author of "Seven Stormy Sundays," "The Queen of the Red Chessmen," etc. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1861. — A thoroughly natural and healthy book we have found this simple story to be. There is no attempt at a plot; the incidents are extremely few; there are no very striking contrasts of character brought out; neither passion nor sentiment plays any strong part here. Yet we have read it through with unflagging interest to the end. The only criticism we are disposed to make is that the title might disappoint some readers; for very little either of outward or inward "struggle" is here depicted. To all who are in danger of underrating the power of a pure example in every-day life; to all who are prone to forget that the poor — and especially the Irish poor — have human sympathies and aspirations; to all who need to be reminded how much they may do for those employed in domestic service; to all, moreover, who love children and their ways, — we can heartily recommend this book as one likely to instruct or to refresh them. It is neither a religious novel, nor a moral story; and yet morals and religion are both there.

The Giants, and how to fight them. By the REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D. D., Author of "Rills from the Fountain of Life," &c., &c. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1861. — *The King's Highway; or, Illustrations of the Commandments.* By the same Author. — Dr. Newton is the pastor of a very large and very efficient Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, and surrounded by a strong company of Christian workers, male and female; he is preaching the Gospel of his Master, not only to adults, but also to the little children upon whom the Saviour pronounced his benediction as he folded them to his loving arms. We could give an account of his Sunday School,

which many of our readers would regard as a fiction, so marvellous would it be. Any one who will read these books will allow that Dr. Newton knows how to interest the young, and it is certainly as true of them as of their elders, that if we fail to interest them we fail altogether. Where the stories all came from, is to us a profound mystery. These volumes are a perfect *thesaurus*, a California mine in this way; and the writer's aim all the while is eminently and practically Christian. Those who are trying to interest the young in holy things will be very grateful to him for these little books. E.

Lyra Domestica. Translated from the "Psaltery and Harp" of C. J. P. SPELTA. By RICHARD MASSIE. With additional Selections by REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. — Dr. Huntington has rendered a good service to all who would be truly wise and loving in commending to American readers this volume of sacred poetry, and in the additions which he has made to pages which were so rich before. His own words of introduction are animated by a very earnest and tender Christian spirit. They are neither too many nor too few, and are fitly chosen. The *Lyra Domestica* will be gladly welcomed and fondly cherished in a multitude of Christian households; it will help, under the blessing of God, to sustain many a sinking heart; it will find a place by the bed of the sufferer; and it will be a fresh illustration of the truth, that when, in the hour of our departure, the two worlds meet, the voices of men and angels blend in sweet songs which seem to belong alike to heaven and earth. E.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery: or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1861, &c., &c. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1861. — If any one wishes to know what our men of science and our skilful mechanics are doing, from the exploration of the heavens and the numbering of the stars to the making of ruffles with a sewing-machine, he should read this book. It will open a new world to some of us, and, if we have learned to see God in all things, it will help us to read the thoughts of God in his universe. We are glad to see that the much ridiculed Ericsson's Caloric Engine has justified itself, and gone to work successfully along with other machines, and, as Carlyle would say, "gets itself made" in machine-shops. E.